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THE UNFORTUNATE POLITIQUE,

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TO THE COURTEOUS AND INGENIOUS *READER.*

THou hast here presented to thy acceptance, a briefe History of the most remarkable Actions and Fortunes of this irreligious & improsperous Polititian: By Birth (as the most approved Authors contend) an Idumean; a nation of most implacable malice and hostility, against God's chosen people; by usurpation and borrowed title, a King of

Iudea; *but in Fact and Goverment, a most bloody and barbarous tyrant: without all naturall affection to his own blood and alliance; (whereof scarce one survived his Treachery or Fury:) without all civill or legall regard of his people; and in one word, after the execution of those Infant Martyrs, the fittest Instrament to have involved the sonne of God himselfe (had that horrid attempt of his been feasable) in one universall massacre if innotent mankinde.*

The Almighty providence was pleased to exalt him to an higher station, that like some malignant Comet or Prodigie of nature, hee might be more eminently discovered, and possesse the remotest and dullest eyes, with admiration and horror. But a land-mark that sheweth a Rock, is as usefull in navigati-

on

on, as a compaſſe that guids directly, and examples inſtruct as well by avoidance as imitation: And if thoſe Ancients, that erected ſtatues and trophies by the way ſide, to preſerve the memory of their worthies did wiſely to place Gibbets there alſo, to affright paſſengers with the memory of notorious malefactors; then certainly a moſt effectuall ſpur to Religion and Vertue may bee drawn from the contemplation and horrour of this Monſters impieties and vices.

The truth of the hiſtory being ſelected out of Ioſephus *and other approved writers, may paſſe without further warrant: The collection and compoſition, which is as the lineaments and colours, (or indeed the ſpirit and motion of the picture) we owe to a forraine, but a judicious and fortunate Pencill, of one, whoſe*

name among the most discerning spirits, hath affectionately received the highest attributes, the judicious and eloquent Cauſinus; *who collecting the materials and ſubstance from more ancient and authentick records, hath added ſhape and varniſh according to the Idea of his own iudgement: And expoſing it to the world in a French attire; I preſume it will prove nothing the leſſe attractive or gracefull to an Engliſh eye. The habit it weares in Engliſh, it owes to a Tranſlatour, that needed not have ſuppreſſed his name, if his modeſty would permit him to accept that Teſtimony, which I think, hee hath iuſtly gained, to have retained in this laſt draught, (ſo neere as imitation can expreſſe Copies, or a ſecond draught taken from a former Picture, can match that which was firſt taken from the face,) the originall*

nall and native beauty, and in this ſmall Peece to have had the happieſt hand.

So that if either truth and ſingularity of example, Art & Elegancy of compoſition, Activeneſſe and life of expreſſion, Fidelity and Felicity of tranſlation may affect thee, I hope this ſhort Hiſtory, if it faile of thy applauſe and acclamation, ſhall aſſuredly finde thy excuſe and acceptance. To either of which, (as thy iudgement ſhall incline thee) I leaue it, and Thee (after an houre or two's vacancy to this recreation,) to thy more ſerious and uſefull employments. Farewell.

THE VNFORTVNATE POLITIQUE, OR THE LIFE OF HEROD.

I Have cast my eyes and thoughts on divers Histories, but never could light on any that might better bring great ones really to apprehend how much they are deceived, who sway a Court, or State by pure policie,

and humane wiſdome, ſquaring religion to their own ends, and intereſts, then the life and death of this unfortunate King of *Iury*. Hee had a naturall judgement of a deep reach; an underſtanding, that could pierce unto, and fathome the moſt wonderfull and myſterious practices; & a courage mounted to the higheſt degree and pitch that can bee expreſſed: A mā that had ſprung out of nothing, yet built his fortunes as high as a Throne, and eſtabliſhed it amidſt ſo various, ſo knotty, and intricate affaires, that he made himſelfe to be admired even of the moſt underſtanding heads thē in the world. But ſince he built on that impious maxime, That hee ought to make Law and Religion his ſtalking

king-horſe for to ſerve his own purpoſes, hee led a life as full of villany, as diſquiet, which ended with the moſt wofull death that imagination can reach unto to conceive. What made me yet to reſolve upon this Hiſtory (which I have taken out of *Ioſephus*, and ſome other ſmaller fragments, and Commentaries, ſpinning it out according to the copiouſneſſe of my ſtyle, & not ſtrictly tying my ſelfe to any exact tranſlation) was, that (beſide the *Vnfortunate Politique*) you read there Innocence perſecuted and wearied in the life of a Lady that was the very mirrour of Patience; and whom I propoſe here in the firſt rank, as one of the greateſt Ornaments of our holy Court. It is not here with-

out reaſon, that I would cull the faireſt Roſes amidſt the ſharpeſt Thornes; ſhew her ſerenity, and calmneſſe in the greateſt tempeſt of a troubleſome ſtate; and ſeek a hony Comb even in the jawes of a Lion: ſince from *Herods* Court I goe to fetch out a chaſt, and patient *Mariamne*, the very Tablet of Innocence moſt deſpightfully entreated. The patience of this poore Queen deſerves to bee conſecrated with the pen of a Diamond to the Temple of Eternity; ſince it is able to eccliple the glory of the greateſt Heroes, to tranſcend the power of Rhetorick, and to raviſh the ſpirits, even of thoſe that uſe not to admire ought that is obvious and vulgar. God who rayſes the glory of his choſen on

on the foundation (as it were) of the greateſt miſeries, ſeeing the ſoule of this Princeſſe to be of a moſt hardy, and noble temper, thought fit to give her a ſpacious field for combat, that ſo ſhee might win the more glorious & triumphant Palmes of patience: And to this end he gave her wicked *Herod* to her husband, a Perſecutor, a barbarous, and infamous Executioner, but by ſo much the more ſutable to the patience of *Mariamne*, by how much the more like a Perſecutor, and a Headſman then a huſband, and a head. To know the ſtrength, and roughneſſe of this anvill, we muſt know the hammer that beat upon it: The better to ſpeak the ſingular goodneſſe of this Queen, wee muſt oppoſe

vnto it an anti-parallel, the malice of *Herod*; wee muſt obſerue how this diſloyall perſon, holding his Life, Scepter, & Crown from the houſe of *Mariamne*, in recompence thereof, took away from her both Scepter, Crown, and Life. After hee had ript out her bowels (as I may ſo ſpeak) putting to death her neereſt blood before her eyes, & at laſt he flings her too, all weltring in her blood, upon the pile (where her kindred, and brethren were made a holocauſt) to bee the laſt ſacrifice to his helliſh furie; yet could he never ſhake her invincible patience, and conſtancy. Each one ſpeaks of *Herod*, as a man compoſed of clay tempered with blood, as of a Tyrant that would murther mercy it ſelfe:

But

But every man knoweth not the art, and ſubtlety, which hee uſed to get into poſſeſſion of his *Mariamne*, and *Davids* Scepter; oppreſſing the one with all Ingratitude, and ſwaying the other with extream Tyranny.

About fifty yeares before the Nativity of our Saviour, the kingdome of *Iudah*, that ſince *David* ſtood on its bottome neer a thouſand yeares (though in that period it oft had ſuffered ſtrange ecclipſes, & changes, being often reht, and ſore ſhaken, & by thoſe concuſſions often knit again, and took deeper root,) found its Tombe, and utter ruine in the fatall diſcord of two Brothers. *Hyrcanus* an honeſt man, but a bad King, did then beare rule: hee had neither

ſtrength, reſolution, nor courage: as cowardlike in his charge, as innocent in his manners, & converſation. His over-facile demeanour made him degenerate into a kinde of ſtupidity, and though unable to do any harm, yet did he ſuffer himſelfe to bee an inſtrument of all the inſolencies that were committed, for that he was too ductile, & capable of the impreſſions of another: Being apprehenſive of this his weakneſſe, hee caſts the honour, and burden of the Realme (with all willingneſſe) on the ſhoulder of his brother *Ariſtobulus*, a man valiant, and hearty, but who had more imploiments then good ſucceſſe. During this declining and tottering ſtate of Royalty, *Paleſtina* was much eyed

ed, and courted of her Neighbours, and aboue all, by *Antipater* (the father of this *Herod*) an *Idumean* by birth, in's manners an *Arabian*, a factious ſpirit, well monied, and by his ſtratagems able to overturne a great Empire; who had of a long time on foot a project upon the Realm of *Iudea*, he well foreſaw that it would be a hard taske for him to put in practiſe his wicked deſignes, as long as that bold Lion *Ariſtobulus* ſtood on the top, or pinacle; but if hee were once diſmounted, and *Hireanus* reſtored to the throne, then all ſhould be at his arbitrement and diſpoſall. What doth the *Arabian*, but goe about ſowing the ſeeds of rebellion in the hearts of the people againſt their Leige Lord

Ariſto-

Aristobulus? Telling them, they were disloyall cowards, to permit their lawfull King *Hircanus* to be dethroned (in whose hand nature had put the Scepter,) and the Kingdome to be transferred on a mutinous, and a turbulent spirit, who ere long would make them the wracks & desolation of all *Palestine*; that they had abandoned a King, whom they could not tax with ought, but excesse of goodnesse, to admit of one, who having entred at the gate of treachery, could not reigne over them without the trouble, and combustion of his country; when good *Hircanus* would devest himselfe of his right, they were to blame to cõdescend to his modesty, who was by so much the worthier to rule

rule, by how much he deem'd himſelfe the more unworthy: The glory which hee did fly frō in undervaluing his own perſon, ſhould have purſued him to his grave. If they did object againſt him too much gentleneſſe, it was the more agreeable to the piety, and ſweet behaviour of the *Iews*. If the *Doues* were to chuſe them a King, they would ever make a choiſe of a Statue, before a Sparrow-hawk. This ſubtile head, by ſuch like remonſtrances found many that gave eare unto him, partly amongſt thoſe that loved innovation, & partly too, among thoſe that were carried away with the pretended juſtice of the cauſe, & none would yet eſpie his drift, which under the colour of publique good, went about

about to erect a Monarchy for himselfe, or his heires. Having now thrust the iron so farre into the fire, hee studied how to win the heart of *Hyrcanus* with all manner of obsequiousnesse, and testimonies of friendship, which was not difficult to purchase; this Prince permitting himselfe to be overruled by those that would make any semblance of good will towards him.

Behold him now (become as it were) Lord Protector, or Guardian of this flexible spirit, when under pretence of love he possesses in that manner, that all the actions of *Hyrcanus* past currant no longer by any other authority, then the directions and counsells of *Antipater*. Nevertheless when he began to egge him

him forward for to make warre on his brother for the recovery of the royall Throne, hee found his heart so far benumbd that he had much adoe to warm it, and strike a spark of courage into his soule, for the excessive coldnesse and the unmanlinesse of his Nature. But at length hee preacht one day effectually, and did edifie much, telling him, that this quitting of his kingdome, which he had translated to his brother, was a thing that could not stand with his Honour, and safety of Life. What eye would not distill teares to see him in that contempt, & misery, while his brother lived in riot, and pomp? This was to confound the Laws of nature; this was to authorize tyranny. Petty theeves are cast into

into a Dungeon, or Stocks, and *Ariſtobulus* that had uſurpt a kingdome, rufled in ſilk, & ſparkled with Diamonds.

A Kingdome was a ſhirt which a man ſhould not ſhift off, but with his life: they were the tales and dreames of idle talking Philoſophy, that Crowns were lin'd with thorns, whereas they are Rubies & Diamonds, that never yet moleſted any mans head. The life which then *Hyrcanus* lead, would better become an *Eſſean Monk*, or a *Capuchin*, then a King: And to conclude, that all the people deſired with paſſion to ſee him reenſtated in his fathers Throne. Hee poſſeſt his eares with ſo powerfull Rhetorique, that hee began now to gaine upon him

But

But there were many reaſons, which held him in ſuſpenſe. The one was his oath, by which hee had renounced his Royalty; the other want of ſufficient ſtrength for the enterpriſe. For the oath, *Antipater* ſoon reſolved him of that, telling him, he ſwore a hainous crime, and there was nothing could obliege him to the performance; and for ſtrength, he acquainted him with the auxiliary forces of luſty *Arabians*, which he could levy at his command. While hee yet ſtaggerd at this unſteedy footing, he went on to breath into his heart black miſtruſts, and jealouſies touching his brother, as though (after he had preyed upon his eſtate) he had an enterprize upon his life; ſurmiſing conſpiracies to be plotted

plotted againſt him: and this hee did with ſuch art, & ſleight, that *Hyrcanus* yeelded to him, and gave him full commiſſion of war, or peace, to doe according as it liked him beſt. This concluded, the Apple of diſcord was flung into the midſt: *Antipater* fail'd not to implore the ayd of *Aretas* King of the *Arabs*, who comes up with a mighty army; which like an inundation over-runs all *Paleſtine*, committing all outrage, and hoſtility, ſacking & depopulating (without mercy) all the way he went, inſomuch, that hee drove *Ariſtobulus* to a very narrow ſtrait, beſeiging him within *Ieruſalem* the Metropolis, and Royall City.

But as the greater Serpent devours the leſſer; ſo hapneth it hereupon

hereupon, that the *Romans* under the conduct of *Pompey* the Great, now displaying their dreadfull Eagles on the plaines of *Syria*, leading an army of fire, before which all other Roytlets or minor Princes were but as chaffe, make this *Arabian* glad to retire within his own territories, they march on victoriously without controle, and interpose themselves to prescribe laws, to pronounce peace, or war, how, and to whom soever they pleased. The two brothers made all Courtship to the *Roman*, to purchase his favour, and amity; each one striving eagerly to win him of his side, well perceiving that the obtaining of this would speedily put a period to the controversie. *Aristobulus* (as the more generous bold, and King-like) at the first accesse found the more favour, in re-

gard that among other largeſſes, he preſented him with a vine al of maſſie gold, one of the rareſt, and moſt exact workmanſhip in the world, which afterward, for a long time ſerved for an ornament in the Capitoll. At length behold both brothers proſtrate at *Pompey's* feet, conteſting both, & pleading not for a Hamlet, or Vineyard, but a Kingdome; nothing ſuſpecting that while they ſtaked their fortunes in the hands of a ſtranger, (who knew no other law but his ambition) inſteed of Umpire he would play the Vulture, & claſp them in his tallons. *Antipater* ſeeing at firſt the ballance to perpend to *Ariſtobulus* his ſide, as one that the *Romans* had reaſon to hope would be more ſerviceable, & advantagious to their deſignes, never ceaſed to decry him, to caſt black

black aſpertions on his reputation, and to work the *Romans* to a miſtruſt of his inclination towards them, ſtill fawning, and couching like a Spaniell before *Pompey*: inſomuch that *Ariſtobulus* foreſeeing that this pernicious ſpirit, abuſing the name, & weakneſſe of his brother, would ſel both to the *Roman*, ſets himſelfe on his gard; where he had but too much reſolution, and too litle ſtrength to cope with the Army of ſo potent an Empire. This poore Prince being overmatched, and ſinking under the weight of ſuch an encounter, was taken captive, bound in chaines with his two ſonnes and ſo many daughters, and led away to *Rome* to furniſh a triumph for *Pompey*: *Ieruſalem* is made tributary, the Pontificate confer'd upon *Hyrcanus*, but all the authority commit-

ted to the hands of *Antipater*. This was a ſpectacle that drew teares evē from thoſe, who before times could not affect *Ariſtobulus*, to ſee this unfortunate King in bolts, laden with iron, together with his Princely ſonnes, and the poor Ladies his daughters, all the heires of their fathers misfortunes who were, leaving their native country, where they reigned in ſuch Honour; for to ſeek through ſo uncouth and tedious voyages by ſea & land, their thraldome or death, which is the more ordinary wiſh of unhappy wights.

Antipater reapes the bayes of this victory, and begins (though as yet ſtaind with blood) to eſtabliſh his litle Monarchy which he had been ſo long a cōtriving. *Hyrcanus* ſeem'd like an old ſepulcher which retain'd nothing but the name

name, or inſcription. All things were effected by him in appearance, though not any thing indeed: The other entertain'd the *Romans* out of his Exchequer, beſtowed preſents, ſent, and received Embaſſadours, practiſed confederacies, corrupted the forces of his adverſaries and rid his way of all the rubs, and impediments that might oppoſe his advancement, & greatneſſe; and made it beleeved that this mild Pontiffie was prime mover and author of all. Then ſeeing himſelfe each day to grow ſtronger in repute and authority, the better to aſſure the Realme for his ſonnes after his deceaſe; hee made the elder (namely *Phaſelus*) governour of *Ieruſalem*, and on *Herod* his younger ſon he confer'd the Prefectureſhip of *Galile*. In ſhort time after, whē he had ſuckt

up all the winde with his flatulent ambition had engendred, and being now at his *non ultra*, not knowing which way to bend his machinations, he ſuckt up a glaſſe of poyſon that was miniſtred unto him at a feaſt by the device of *Malicus* his enemie. Behold here the iſſue of humane practices! Thoſe who are drunk with ambition, and are mad for Honours which they ſeeke to arrive at by miſchievous plots, and all the travell of body and minde, are like thoſe litle bubbles which ariſe on the ſurface of the water in a tempeſt, they ſwell, and burſt in a moment. *Antipater* being dead, his two ſonnes, *Phaſelus* and *Herod* ſhare equally in the ſucceſſion, each of them maintaines his own ſtation firmly, & ſtudies to temper the matter ſo as to get *Hyrcanus* ſtill

ſtill to act the ſame part to repre-
ſent a King. *Herod* was no ſooner
entred upō his charge, even while
his father was yet living (being not
full fifteen yeares of age) ſhewed
early what in time hee would
prove by ſome excurſions of his
inbred diſpoſition, which ſome-
times hee made to ſallie out, like
thoſe litle ſtreaks, and ſparks of
heat in the ayre, that burſt out of
a cloud, and then after flaſh in
lightning. He was of a fraudulent,
and malignant ſpirit, ambitious e-
ven to a degree of madnes, whoſe
fingers did alwaies itch to bee im-
brued in blood, and ſlaughter; and
indeed he ſtained his tender years
and the prologue of his reigne
with effuſion of humane blood,
putting to the ſword *Ezekias*,
who indeed lived in the eſteem of
a Rover & common robber, but

he cut in peeces many other *Iews* with him without diſcerning the guiltleſſe, fed the guilty, which cauſed that many innocent ſoules were involv'd in this common ruine. The mothers of theſe people who were maſſacred by *Herod*, ſtirr'd not out of the Temple, lamenting, and with their heire diſheveld, demanding juſtice from *Hyrcanus*, who was but an Idoll, or Statue of Majeſtie. Notwithſtanding being importun'd with the cryes of theſe diſtreſſed women, & ſet on by ſome of his Nobility, he cauſed *Herod* to be ſummond for to appeare in judgement. In this action it was well that this young Prince ſhewed ſome reſolution, and gave ſome aſſurance of courage. Others that were accuſed came to this Parliament of *Iudea*, all ſad & dejected,

but

but he arrived thither as to a feaſt or Theatre, attended with a flouriſhing convoy clad in Skarlet, all perfum'd and his haire frizel'd, & moreover with Letters of recommendation from the *Romans*, which were writ in the ſtile of authority, and military language, commanding the Iudges to acquit him without any further proceſſe. Hee was ſcarce fifteen yeares of age, and yet with his very preſence daſht the Iudges, and Advocates ſo out of countenance that of all thoſe that had provided long haranges againſt him, there was not one that durſt open his mouth while he was there. One of the Iudges whoſe name was *Sameas*, a right honeſt man, and of more courage then all the reſt, ſpake aloud to King *Hyrcanus*, who was there preſent: I doe not wonder that

that this young Lord appeares before this Tribunal in ſuch equipage every man would ſecure him ſelfe as well as he may; but I doe wonder Sir, that you and your Counſell ſhould omit this demeanour, as if he came hither not to be judg'd, but to cut the Iudges throats. You will now pardon him in favour, but he will one day aſſacinate you in juſtice. And indeed of this whole Senate there ſcap'd not one that *Herod* did not put to death, when he had got the full power of the kingdome, except him onely that had delivered his opinion of him with this bold ſimplicity. It is recorded of this *Sameas*, how that ſome yeares after a queſtion being made of receiving *Herod* to bee their King; when others did ſtiffely oppoſe it, he ſpake freely that hee gave his

ſuffrage

ſuffrage to *Herod*, & as they were wondring at the ſpeech, marvell not at the matter (quoth he) God would give you a King in his anger, and hee could not finde one naughtier then *Herod*: He is the ſcourge which you doe want to chaſtiſe your infidelity. *Hyrcanus* then ſeeing the Iudges ſomewhat animated by the ſpeech of *Sameas* and to be more inclined to the ſide of Iuſtice then Mercy, made him ſecretly to ſlink away, for hee loved him intirely, and ſo hatcht the egge of a Cockatrice within his own boſome. *Herod* who came not any way behind his Father in pollicie, following his examples and practices adhered firmly unto the *Romans*, winning them by all manner of obſervances, and entertaining *Hyrcanus* with all pleaſance, and flattery. The kingdome of

of *Iudea* seemd as yet to bee farre enough from his reach, *Phaselus* as the elder held the better part of it: *Aristobulus* whom you have seen led away in chaines to *Rome*, had yet two sonnes, whereof the elder call'd *Alexander* was father to chast *Mariamne*, whose patience we doe here blazon; the other was *Antigonus*, who spunne *Herod* a spindle full of marter to untwist. But hee was soone rid of both; for unfortunate *Alexander* successour of his father *Aristobulus* his disasters, being come to the field with certaine forces, which he had pickt up as well as his weak fortunes enabled him, was oppresst by the *Romans*, who came to the assistance of *Herod*. *Antigonus* being got loose from captivity, wherein he was detained at *Rome*, together with his father *Aristobulus*

lus, cut out much employment too for *Herod*. For casting himselfe into the armes of the *Parthians*, hee made them so many promises, and swel'd them with such hopes that they undertook to invest him with the kingdome: and forthwith they made preparations by Sea & Land, and prevailed so far both by force, and cunning, that they chased out *Hyrcanus*, & *Phaselus*: *Herod* very narrowly escapt his life, and though he had a courage of steele, yet was hee so amaz'd with this surprise, that hee went very neer to make himselfe away. *Hyrcanus* was very coursly handled by the command of his Nephew *Antigonus*, he had his eares cropt off, and so was made forever uncapable of the Pontificate. *Phaselus*, *Herods* brother, being so enraged with this unexpected chance

chance of fortune, dasht his brains against a stone.

Herod, who had alwaies stuck as close to the *Romans*, as the Ivy to the wall, seeing his affaires in such a plunge & extream hazard, implores their aid, and complains in most pathetick expressions of the violence of *Antigonus*, the incursions, and hostility of the *Parthians*, puts them in minde of the good services of his father *Antipater*, and promises on his part the Ocean, and all the scaly Legions. Which letters found so good successe, that he (beyond all hopes and expectation) was proclaimed King of *Iudea*, and *Antigonus* an enemy to the *Roman* estate because a fugitive, and allyed to the *Parthians*. *Herod* pursues him with hue & cry, being assisted with the forces of the *Roman Empire*. *Antigonus*

tigonus ſtill unfortunate in all adventures, after a fierce encounter, and long reſiſtance was taken priſoner, and was the firſt of any king that by the command of *M. Anthony* was executed in a manner ſo unbefitting his quality, and to the *Romans* unuſuall, leaving his head upon a ſcaffold in the City of *Antioch*, for no other reaſon then ſeeking to recover his fathers inheritance: But *Strabo* ſaith that *M. Anthony* knew no other way to make *Herod* to bee agniz'd for King; both for that there were yet living ſome of the blood Royall, that were capable of the Scepter; and for that the people loved their naturall King, but hated the ſtranger.

This Tragœdy ended, *Herod* mounted on the top of fortunes wheele. Loe all the thornes in his way

way (as he thinks) now grub'd up. There now remained of the Illustrious race of the *Husmoneans*, but an aged & weather-beaten Prince, one infant Boy, and two Girles to bee defeated. *Hyrcanus* was that aged Prince, who intruth drew an unwilling breath, whose head many turmoiles, and viciſſitudes of fortune haſtned his hoary haire, he was then held captive in the *Parthians* hands; but the King, though a *Barbarian*, had cõpaſſion on a milde, debonaire nature in ſo deplor'd a caſe, ſo that hee permitted him to live within the walls of *Babylon*, with all the liberty as might be deſired. This poor Prince who lived all his life time without any ambition did beare this change of fortune with an equall temper, and tenor of minde. The *Iews* who lived in that

Kiugs

Kings dominions seeing him so maim'd, and in a manner excoriated with stripes, poore & forlorn, yet gave him the respect of a King and expressed such honour, and reverence towards him, that hee found a kingdome (in a manner even in his captivity.) *Herod* who saw that this man might stand him yet in some steed against those that could disquiet and annoy his anxious and unsetled estate dispatcheth an Embassadour strait to the King of the *Parthians*, with many faire presents, and Letters fraught with sugred words, and soothing complements; wherein hee doth beseech him not to bereave him of that onely and best contentment that he had in the world but to ad this curtesie unto his former favours wherewith hee had obliged him: *Hyrcanus*, saith hee, was his

good Benefactor, his Protector, & Father, and since God had now given some repose unto his affairs, it would be a singular comfort unto him to communicate the Scepter, the cares and pleasures of a King with one so trusty & so worthy to be beloved. The *Parthian* King willing to gratifie *Herod* whom he saw to be supported by the *Roman* Empire (which he did more feare for its puissance, then honour for its valour) granted full leave to *Hyrcanus* to goe whither he would. He (good man) consulted with the principall men of his nation, who did altogether dissuade him from it, but the easines of his good nature (which did alwaies swallow the bait without heeding the hooke) yeelded to those supposed curtesies of *Herod*, and so returned straight to *Jerusalem*

lem, where hee was received with all demonstrations of joy, & amity. Behold now all the Royall family in the hands of this barbatous usurper. *Hyrcanus* had but one daughter, who took not after her fathers kinde, for shee was extream haughty, and in this servitude did fret, and champ upon the bit, with much discontent, she was the mother of two children, a Boy and a Girle, his name was *Aristobulus*, and hers *Mariamne*, who was after married to *Herod*. *Mariamne* was esteemed the most beautifull Princesse in the world. For *Gellius* who went about to survey the rarest features in the world, for to return a List of them to *M. Anthony*, having well scan'd the most excellent pieces of Nature, when he saw *Mariamne*, he protested that all other beauties were

courſe, & caſt in a mould of earth, in compariſon of this which ſeemed to him to have dropt from the ſpheres, & to have been drawn by ſome divine, and immortall Limmer. This man ſaw but the bark, and casket, and yet was raviſhed with admiration; but her comelineſſe of body was nothing in compariſon of the noble qualities of her ſoule. This was a tender Imp of the ſtock of the famous *Machabees*, well verſt in Gods laws, diſcreet, modeſt, & reſpectfull, that as *Suſanna*, but aboue all couragious and patient; living in the Court of *Herod* as *Iob* upon the dunghill. Never was beauty, & goodneſſe ſo diſcountenanc'd, & unhappy in the fortunes of one perſon. This creature that might have been courted by ſo many Princes, that might have had ſuch attendance

attendance ever ready at her feet, had now *Herod* for her Lord, who had nothing of a man but skin, & shape; and it was even all one to couple the Lamb with the Lion, the Dove with the Hawk, and tye the living to the dead, joyning thē mouth to mouth, as to wed such a Lady to such a Monster. But hee that had now the power in his own hand, sues for her very passionatly, both for her unparallel'd beauty, and moreover the better to strengthen his estate, considering that the alliance of this young Lady, who descended from so great kindred, would adde honour to him, and his house, who was but lately sprung up, and might make him to place more confidence in the *Iews*, and make them more loving, and loyall to him.

Hyrcanus the Grandfather of

Mariamne, and *Alexandra* her mother, seeing that *Herod* had now got his head aboue the waters, and was become master of his affaires, having now got the Scepter into his own hands, although by tyranny, and intrusion; yet they measuring all by his place, & fortunes, not by his person and conditions, judg'd that this marriage might be yet for their advantage, and that his wife might supple his harsh nature, and make him more favourable to the Royall house. This noble maid fore-saw well that to put her into the hands of *Herod*, was to cast her into the Lions jawes: But not to contradict those to whom shee owed her being; and to obey the lawes of necessity, shee submitted her neck to the yoke, fortifying her royall heart against all the stormes that

seemed

ſeemed to threaten & come thronging upon her. Behold her now married! *Herod* loues her, as the Huntſman doth his Veniſon for his own ends, and benefit: not looſing by love one graine of his former ambition, or cruelty. This perverſe thing held a kingdome like a woolfe by the eares, ſtill fickle, and ſhaking, and when his affaires ſeemed to be well ſetled, hee ſtudied nothing but how to rid himſelfe of thoſe, whom hee had ſtript naked of their fortunes, and ſtrength. His Queen could finde no reſpect, nor could ſhe any whit mollifie, and reclaim his ſavage conditions; hee ſhewed how litle affection he bare to her ſoly, when he wrought for his own pretended intereſts, at that time when it was debated whom to Surrogate to be grand Pontifie in liew of *Hyrca-*

nus, who (by his late deformation) being irregular in the law, was excluded from the Altar. *Herod* saw every day before his eyes in his own Court young *Aristobulus*, the only brother of his wife a Prince every way accomplisht, and generally designed for the *Tiare*, yet he casts his eyes abroad and goes to seek beyond *Euphrates* in the City of *Babylon* a forraigne *Iew* named *Ananell*, & created him chiefe Priest. This was a pill which *Alexandra* the mother of *Aristobulus*, and *Mariamne* could not easily swallow. It was in vain to candy o're the businesse: Shee saw manifestly the rejection of her house, in that her son (notwithstanding so many obligations) was in a manner dispossest of an honour, which blood & nature, and the generall vote of the world did

did call him unto, and to be beſtowed on a man of no worth, no repute. Shee could not well repreſſe her anger from breaking out, and that in a higher ſtraine then the miſeries of the times, and malice of *Herod* would ſuffer unqueſtioned. *Mariamne* all this while injoying the tranquility of her noble minde, goes upon a day unto the King, and with her naturall gracefulneſſe, and ſweet carriage tells him, that the prop, & ſtay of her houſe was ſore ſhaken, and greatly weakned, & at the preſent in ſuch a plight that ſhe had no joy to hold a Scepter any longer: She deſired only ſhee might quit the world with honour: Had he then beſtowed the Miter on her brother, he had advanced a creature, whom he could not ſtand in feare of, his Scepter being thereby the more

more ſecured, and of whom hee could not (in all reaſon) but hope the beſt, who was but young, and tender as wax (being in his own hand) ſhe could temper, and ſtamp what impreſſions he pleaſed. This act would haue made him reigne in hearts as well as Provinces, when men ſhould ſee him the father, and protectour of the young ſon of *Hyrcanus*, whoſe vertues he had alwaies hououred. Laſtly, that the honor which did redound to her by his alliance could not ſeem to her conſummate, ſo long as ſhe ſaw her own blood debar'd from thoſe honours, and promotions which he could place them in, without any prejudice to his own eſtate.

Herod ſuffred himſelfe to bee wonne for that time by the charming language of *Mariamne*, and when

when he had well pondred the buſineſſe, after mature deliberation, he reſolved to confer the Pontificate on young *Ariſtobulus* his brother in law, which was performed with great ſolemnity. He aſſembles his friends in the Pallace hall, then calling for *Alexandra*, hee made a ſet ſpeech againſt her in the preſence of them all, much cõplaining of her behaviour, and telling them that ſhe ſtudied nothing but how to thwart, and diſquiet his affaires, and to take from him a Scepter which Heaven made him to purchaſe with much travell, & ſweat, for to put it into the hands of an Infant to the prejudice of the Queen her daughter: nevertheleſſe he could forget injuries, but could not forget his nature, which was to doe well to thoſe that fought to doe him harme. In teſtimony

ſtimony and confirmation hereof, hee conferres the Pontificate on her ſon, his purpoſe being never any other, and the Surrogation of *Ananel* made with no other intention then to continue for a time, while hee did expect the childe ſhould grow to riper yeares. This poore mother ambitious according to and beyond the nature of her ſex (upon this tender of the Pontificate) was ſo tranſported with joy, that her heart melted at her eyes, and thereupon avowed freely to *Herod*, that ſhe attempted all the means poſſible to retain the *Tiare* in the royall houſe, judging it a matter very unbefitting to transfer it another way: but as for the Kingdome that ſhe never pretended any right to it, & that ſuch deſignes were farre from her thoughts: when it would pleaſe God

God to ſequeſter her from the world ſhe would dye with a contented heart, leaving her ſon great Pontifie, and her daughter Queen. Moreover if ſhe had laſht it out beyond the bounds of duty, and decency in uncivill ſpeeches, that ſhe was excuſable, as being a mother very tenderly affected towards a ſon that deſerv'd to bee belov'd, the mother in law of a King to whom ſuch a neer affinity would permit ſome more liberty of ſpeech, and the daughter of a King to whom ſervitude was ſuch a tough morſell, that her ſtomacke could not well digeſt: and ſince he did deal ſo friendly with her, that he ſhould have no occaſion hence forth to complain of her contumacy, and diſobedience. Hereupon they joyne hands, and behold them now very good friends. But alas

alas how like are the friendſhips of this world to the felicity of it? Worldly friendſhip is fickle & deceitfull, & worldly felicity hangs on a rotten Cable, and hath its foundation on the Quick-ſands. This poore mother rejoyced for a little tickling of her ambition, but could not perceive that her ſonne was not a Prieſt indeed, but a ſacrifice to the cruelty of *Herod*. Wiſe *Mariamne*, who by long experience had learn't to hold proſperity ſtil in ſuſpicion, would not permit her heart to be ſo dilated, nor give the reynes to her joyes, but that ſhee arm'd her ſelfe each day againſt the revolt of fortune. The feaſt of Tabernacles which is ſo ſolemnly celebrated among the *Iews*, being come, *Ananel* after he had ſerved a while for a Cipher is ſhamefully diſcarded. *Ariſtobu-*

lus

lus begins to exercise his function: He was then but seventeen yeares of age, but of a very tall stature, well proportion'd, and streight as a Palm-tree, glorious as a Star, and very much resembling his father: When the people saw him accoutred in his Pontificalibus, which were full of Majesty, marching up to the Altar, and performing his office with such gravity and decency, hee seem'd to them like a new Sunne that issued out of the Clouds, and came to guild the world, which was before enwrapt in gloomy darkenesse. The hearts of al the *Hebrews* which had groaned under the pressures of civill warres, did now spread like Roses by the favourable aspect of this young Pontifie. His naturall comelinesse enchafed (as it were) within his Majestick Robes did

cast

caſt an incredible luſter, and ſtate-lineſſe, which did dazle the eyes of the ſpectators. Some beheld him with a wiſt, and earneſt look, remaining like ſtatues, but yet their teares prov'd that their eyes were not of marble. Others did betray their affections by many dumb emblems, and inarticulate expreſſions. Others gave vent to their joyes, and their mouthes delivered what their hearts conceiv'd; not being able to forbeare acclamations, though ſomewhat too free in reſpect of the times; yet pardonable in their ſimple affection. They call'd to minde the proweſſe of thoſe ancient *Machabees*, who had redeem'd them from Idolatry; they knew how that poore *Hyrcanus* was but a Ghoſt, or ſhadow ſurviving his own funerall. They had freſh in memory

memory the Grandfather of this young Pontifie, the great *Ariſtobulus*, who was led away manacled, and faſt bound in cords like a Gallie-ſlave to *Rome*. They were not ignorant how that *Alexander* his father, and his uncle *Antigonus* had loſt their lives in oppoſing the uſurpation of a ſtranger.. This young Prince alone remain'd, that had eſcapt ſo many wracks, and they ſaw that in his youth did live and ſpring forth the hopes of their country, and (as it is eaſie to believe what we love) they perſwaded themſelves, that *Herod* who at the beginning demanded the Realme in the name of this young Prince *Ariſtobulus*, was now to relinquiſh the booty, yeelding to equity, and right. And for this effect, they did expreſſe their applauſe with the more freedome.

But the ignorant multitude were far out in their accompts.

Herod having well obſerv'd the poſture of this peoples countenance, ſaw that to talke out-right according to maxims of ſtate, or to make a grave morall ſpeech, would have ſavoured ſomewhat of a Clark, (and this was not his method or ordinary ſtile) but enters into a furious jealouſie, & cauſeth the Pontifie, and his mother, and his own wife to be ſo narrowly watcht, and their actions pried into, that they could not wag a finger but he was advertis'd thereof. The prudent *Mariamne*, among theſe ſuſpicions, ſtill living in good reſpect, appeaſing diſcontents on either party, as much as her employments would permit her: But her mother *Alexandra* being prickt to the heart to ſee her ſelfe among

among ſo many ſpies, and eves-droppers, who ever uſed, and ſtill would faine converſe with Royall freedome, reſolv'd to play hazard, either to quit loſſes, or to double them, and to break the bonds of her ſpecious ſervitude, or to offer her neck to *Herods* fauchion. So high a point did her miſeries carry her to! In this extremity, what doth ſhee? *Cleopatra* that Queene, whoſe name had travel'd the world over, and fill'd it with the noiſe, was at that time in *Ægypt*; and ſhe hated *Herod* naturally, both for his barbarous cõditions, and for ſome reſpects of her own: for ſhee underſtood by good intelligence that he had entermedled in her affaires, and had counſell'd *M. Anthony* to forſake her, yea, and to take away her life too. This Tyrant was ſo accu-

ſtom'd to the word Kill, that hee preſcribes eaſily to others thoſe remedies which himſelfe us'd for his own maladies. 'Tis a ſtrange memorable thing that *Cleopatra* being to paſſe one day through *Iudea*, he took a reſolution to ſend her to another world, thinking to gratifie *Mark. Anthony* by this meanes: but his friends diſſwaded him from it, telling him it was an enterpriſe too raſh, and difficult, & able to ruine his fortunes eternally. But yet the project was never diſcovered. *Cleopatra* had but too much reaſon to hate *Herod*: which did embolden diſtreſſed *Alexandra* to write unto her in theſe tearmes.

ALEX.

ALEXANDRA
to Queen
CLEOPATRA

Sends Greeting.

MADAM

SInce God hath made you to be borne with that advantage aboue all other Queenes for eminent qualities, it ſtands with good reaſon, that your greatneſſe ſhould ſerve as a refuge, and Sanctuary to the innocent, and an Altar to miſerable perſons. Poore *Alexandra* that hath much innocence without ſupport, and too much miſery without all ſuccour, or cõſolation, caſts her ſelfe into the armes of your Majeſtie, & is now become your ſuppliant not for the

recovery of a Scepter, but for the ſecurity of her life, and the life of her ſon, which is the moſt pretious gage, and pledge of heavens bounty, that was now left her. Your Majeſtie is not ignorant how that fortune made mee the daughter and mother of a King, but *Herod* hath reduc'd me to the ranke, and condition of Maid-ſervants. I am not ambitious of my ſuffering which I had rather diſſemble, then with oſtentation repeat, but all that a ſlave can endure in a Galley, doe I undergoe in a Kingdome, by the inhumanity of a ſon in law, who having ſnatcht the Diadem into his hands, would faine deprive me alſo of life. Wee are all the day among ſpies, knives and the apprehenſions of death, which would doe us leſſer harme if it were more ſuddain. Reach out

your

your assisting hand to the afflicted and grant us some small obscure nook within your Realme, while we expect this tẽpest to be blown over; while we wait the dawning of some hope, and some light of comfort to shine againe on our affaires: The glory will remaine yours, ours the eternall commemoration of your piety.

Cleopatra having received these Letters, made answer without delay, and invited her to come down to *Ægypt* with all speed convenient, and her son with her, telling her that she held it an honour for her to bee able to serve for an harbour to the afflictions of such a Princesse. Departure is fully resolved of, but the meanes to contrive it was a piece of difficultie. Poore *Io* knew no way to steale her selfe away from this *Argus*, who had

ſo many eyes upon her: at laſt (as the wits of women are nimble for inventions, eſpecially in caſes that neerely concern them) ſhee without imparting her intention to any body, no not to her daughter *Mariamne*, fearing leſt her too ſoft, and tender nature would adviſe her to continue ſtill within the bounds of patience, rather then to undergoe ſo dangerous, and wearifome a voyage: ſhee (I ſay) conſorting the buſineſſe onely to her own fancy, caus'd two Coffins (by an unlucky omen) to be provided for to put her ſelfe and her ſon in; (thinking by this meanes to delude the diligence of the Guard, wherein they were to bee conveyed to the ſea-ſide, where lay a Shippe ready to waft them, and ſo to ſave her life through the dominions of death. But by misfortune one

one of her ſervants named *Eſop* one of thoſe that ſhould have carried the Coffin, going to viſit one *Sabbion*, a man well affected to the houſe of *Alexandra*, hapned to let fly ſome ſpeeches touching this adventure of his Miſtris, as thinking hee had talkt to one that was privie to all her ſecrets. Perfidious *Sabbion* had no ſooner pumpt out the whole ſtory from this groom, but he repaires ſtraight to *Herod*, to diſcloſe all that hee had heard, judging this to bee a very expedient courſe for to purchaſe a reconciliation: for hee was a long time ſuſpected to bee of the faction of *Alexandra*. *Herod*, when he received this intelligence, multiplies the number of his ſpies and ſentinells. The poore Lady is apprehended, and taken out of the Coffin (as out of the Sepulchre of the dead,

dead, & condemned to live a longer captivity) all abaſht, & chafing for that the Comœdy ſorted not to a wiſht effect, thinking that (ſince ſhee miſt her ayme) ſhee ſhould not deſire to live any longer. Yet notwithſtanding *Herod* (whether it was that he feared the great name of *Cleopatra*, or that he would not ſtartle *Alexandra*, that hee might oppreſſe her by ſome more facile way,) did nothing to her for the preſent: He kept cloſe within himſelfe, diſſembling over the matter witout ſpeaking one word thereof, though hee ſaw the clouds to gather thick, and ready to burſt into thunder and tempeſt.

This royall Divell that had rid ſo many ſoules out of the world by Martiall Law, and force of Armes would now ſend away one in ſport. Vpon a day in ſommer,

as

as hee dined with unhappy *Alexandra*, fayning all that had paſt to be buried in deep oblivion, tells her that in favour of youth, hee would play the young man, and invites *Ariſtobulus* his brother in law to play at Racket, or ſome ſuch exerciſe. The match is made, the emulation growes hot, the young Prince being earneſt at his game had not plaid long before he was all in a ſweat, as many other Lords, and Gentlemen were. Behold they runne all to the waters, which did glide along neere the place of recreation. *Herod* (who well knew the cuſtome of *Ariſtobulus*, and preſuppoſed that hee would not fayle to goe and fling himſelfe into theſe cold bathes,) doth villanouſly complot with ſome youngſters, who (under colour of ſporting) ſhould make him drink

drinke more water then ſhould ſerve to quench his thirſt. All things ſucceed according as hee had forecaſt. *Ariſtobulus* ſeeing others in the water, ſtrips himſelfe of his cloathes, and beares them company, hee had no other intent but to ſwim, play, and skirmiſh on this element, alwaies dangerous, though not ſo treacherous as *Herod*. The poore ſacrifice frisks, & leaps, nothing aware of the misfortune that attended him: But the execrable murtherers knew it wel, foreſpying their opportunity at this fatal ſport, they ſtifle the poor Pontifie under the mercileſſe waters, being the 18 yeare of his age, and the firſt of his Pontificate. This faire ſun which aroſe with ſuch ſplendor and applauſe, ſets under the waters never to riſe again but with the palenes of death in's

in's viſage. O humane hopes, where, or what be yee? Meere dreames of waking men, aëry phantaſmes of flitting fire, that ſhine only to be extinguiſhed, and in extinguiſhing bereave us of light, leaving us a bad ſtench, and the ſorrow of your loſſe! This Prince in whom was built a new all the hopes, and glory of the royall houſe of the *Haſmoneans*; This Prince that ſhould have reunited the Miter, and the Diadem, and revived the honour of a race quite extinct, behold him now by accurſed treaſon ſtifl'd under water, in ſuch an age, and of ſo comely a perſonage, that they made this accident by ſo much the more full of pitty, by how much it was more deſperate of all remedy. At this newes all the City of *Ieruſalem* was in ſuch amazement, as if

Ne-

Nebuchadnezar being returned from the other world ſtood again before her gates. Every where there was nothing but teares and lamentations, but horrour and aſtoniſhment, out-cries, and the image of death. You would have ſaid that each houſe carried forth to buriall their firſt borne, as had been ſeen long before to fall out in *Egypt*. But above all others *Alexandra* the pitious mother afflicted her ſelfe with ſorrow that would admit of no conſolation: Sometime ſhee bemoan'd, lying proſtrate on the dead corps of her ſon, ſeeking within his eyes (thoſe two ecclipſed luminaries) and on his cold lips for ſome remnant of life: Sometimes ſhe roles her eyes like ſome franticke Prieſteſſe of *Bacchus*, crying for fire & ſword, halters and precipices, that ſhee might

might put a period to her life and miſeries! Heavie *Mariamne*, (though the patientſt of all) yet had much adoe to withſtand the violent aſſault of incomparable griefe: ſhee lov'd this brother entirely, as the portrait of her ſelfe, as the diſpoſitary of her heart, as the hope of her houſe too miſerably rent, and all wounded with griefe (as ſhe was;) yet (good Lady) ſhe thought of the ſorrows of her mother, and lies behind the dead body of her brother, as if ſhe had been the very ſhadow thereof. Then turning to God with an affectionate heart ſhe ſends up this ejaculation.

"O my God behold mee now
"in an eſtate wherein I have no-
"thing more to feare but thy ju-
"ſtice, and nothing more to hope
"for then thy mercies. Hee for
"whom

" whom I fear'd, and in whom I
" hop't all that might be fear'd or
" hopt for in all the events, and af-
" faires of this world is raviſht
" from me by ſome ſecret decree
" of thy providence, which I have
" taught my hart to adore, though
" the weakneſſe of my apprehen-
" ſion cannot trace the footſteps
" of it. If among ſo many calami-
" ties, I did yet ſuck any ſweetnes
" from the world in preſence of
" this object, which thou haſt be-
" reaved mee of, loe I am now
" robd of all; hence forward, I ſhal
" finde nothing but wormwood,
" that ſo renouncing all earthly
" comforts, I may learne to relliſh
" thoſe which are proper to thy
" children reſerv'd in Heaven. Be-
" hold how pious and gentle ſouls
" can extract hony out of the rock
" and turn all to merit even the di-
" ſtillation

" ſtillation of a teare that trickles
" down the cheekes. The impati-
" ent, as *Alexandra*, wound them-
" ſelves without all conſolation,
" torture themſelves without re-
" medy, and ſometimes ſplit a-
" gainſt the rock of diſpaire with-
" out remiſſion.

What ſhall wee ſay that *Herod* too in this ſad conſort of grief did beare his part? He made (indeed) an outward ſhew, and by cloſe hypocriſie, did well perſonate a reall mourner. He curſt the ſport, rail'd againſt fortune: He charg'd Heaven with ſiniſter envy in bereaving him of an object, on whom he deſired to expreſſe all the cordiall love, and reſpect that he bore to the royall houſe, to the which he did (in part) owe his advancement.

He went to viſit the Queen, and

her Mother very ceremoniously, and when he beheld them bemoaning about the dead body, the brinish teares gusht out of his eyes: whether it was that he had taught them to drop at command, to carry this dissembling the more artificially, or whether indeed he had some compassion, or pang of grief beholding on the one side this tender flowre, so early cut down with deaths impartiall sickle, together with so many celestiall graces, which found their period and horizon, at the point of their uprising and nativity; and on the other side considering the poore Queene drown'd in a sea of sorrow, which to behold might force teares from rocks. This perfidious wretch that had something yet of a man, and I believe that nature for that time did extort those teares from his

his barbarous cruelty: hitherto he feigned himſelfe to have ſuppreſt his griefe manfully; then turning to the Ladies, tells them that hee was not come then to dry up the flouds of their teares ſo ſoone, which had but too juſt a ſubject to be ſpent upon, himſelfe had not the power to keep back his, he was forc't to give nature leave to haue her courſe, and act her part, time would ſhortly act his too, and apply a plaiſter to their griefes; that he would performe in the memory of the dead Prince as much as an only ſon could expect from an affectionate father, and potent King, and that thenceforth hee would bee the ſon of *Alexandra*, the husband and brother eke of *Mariamne*, ſince God would needs redouble his obligations by the loſſe that they had ſuffered.

Genuine Tyranny, what is it but an insatiable appetite of revenge? *Alexandra* who (a man would think) should have thundred in injurious and reproachfull termes, as one that knew well that *Herod* (whatsoever hee put upon it) was author of this Tragœdy, did dissemble the matter very strongly without shewing towards the king on her part, so much as a discontented look when time and place would favour her. *Herod* withdrawing himselfe now from the stage, thought hee had acted his part wondrous well, without casting any shadow of suspicion on his side, seeing that *Alexandra* did not utter a syllable, whose manner was to pout, and quarrell on farre smaller occasions. To bring in the last lenitive, he causes the funeralls of the deceased Prince to bee celebrated

brated with such pomp, and magnificence, that nothing more could be added, both for the order, or conduct, and for the rarity of the spices, and odours, and also for the costly structure of the Sepulchre: the simpler sort did verily believe that this proceeded from a true, & sincere affection; but wiser judgements said they were but feigned teares, or wrung out perforce, and that *Herod* could not be sad in earnest for this accident, which took the mote out of his eye, and did settle him in full possession of the Kingdome of *Iudea*. *Alexandra* joyning the passion of sorrow with that of vengeance, fayl'd not presently after funerall rites performed to advertise Queen *Cleopatra* of all that had hapned, and in such dolefull accents, that each period seem'd to have beene writ

in teares of bloud. *Cleopatra*, who was already well prepar'd, took fire ſuddenly: ſhee entertaines the matter ſo hotly, as though it had been her own, ſhe gives the alarme to the whole Court, ſhee ſtormes & doth continually laſh the eares of *M. Anthony*, crying, that this was a thing inſupportable, to ſee a forreigner weare a Scepter, that did by no right belong to him, to maſſacre the heyre apparent with ſuch barbarous cruelty, to keep poore Queenes in ſlavery againſt all reaſon, and the priviledge of their births. *Anthony* who knew that *Herod* was his creature, & the work of his own hands, did not willingly give eare to theſe complaints: Nevertheleſſe to ſatisfie *Cleopatra*, he ſwore a ſolemn oath, that hee would examine the buſineſſe, and would ſend for *Herod*, and

and if he found him guilty of ſuch barbarouſneſſe, he would execute exemplary juſtice upon him. Behold *Herod* is ſummoned to *Laodicea*, where *M. Anthony* for a time was to ſojourn', hither hee is cited to make his appearãce, & to purge himſelfe of the murther of *Ariſtobulus*, which hee was held to be the author of. This was a crack of thunder to his guilty ſoule, which did terribly awaken him, when he leaſt of all thought of it, & put him in ſuch fearefull dumps, and apprehenſions that can ſcarce bee imagined. On the one ſide hee had before his eyes the guilt of his offence; and the voice of blood which cryed loudly in his eares: On the other ſide, hee ſaw that all his fortune did depend on *M. Anthony*, who would not have ſtirr'd then, but by the inſtigations of

Cleopatra his mortall adverſary,& whom hee knew to have hada great longing after the Kingdome of *Iudea* for her own accommodation. But nothing tortur'd his braines ſo much as ſome franticke fit of jealouſie, for hee imagined that *Anthony*, a wanton Prince, who went about to obſerve the beauties of Queenes, would have had a taſt of his wife, whoſe picture had been before brought unto him, and that for to purchaſe his quietneſſe, he would cauſe him to proſtitute her, as a ſacrifice to his luſtfull pleaſures.

The man was puzzl'd and perplext on all ſides, and did deſcry every where objects of feare and danger; ſometimes hę reſolves on a voluntary baniſhment, ſometimes hee thought it the better courſe to rid himſelfe out of the world

world, another time he muſters up his wits, and ſtrength, and goes about to make reſiſtance, but nothing ſeem'd better in his judgement, then to delay, and protract the buſineſſe, as much as he could poſſibly. *Anthony* being ready preſt for his expedition againſt the *Parthians*, ſends for him in good earneſt; his delayes, and evaſions did improve the former ſuſpicion. He muſt needs travell: or reſolve to looſe all. Hee takes leave of his Mother-in-law *Alexandra*, and his wife *Mariamne*, without all feare, or complaining, not ſhewing any ſigne of diſcontentment, as if he had been to make a journy only for pleaſure. Moreover, he had yet his own Mother at Court, and his Siſter *Salome*, to whom hee gave ſtrict charge to watch heedfully the ſteps and behaviour

haviour of thoſe whō he thought had wrapt this web for him. Then taking his unkle *Ioſeph* aſide, hee ſpeakes to him in theſe words; Uncle, you know the buſineſſe which cals me to *Laodicea*, which is indeed of no ſmal conſequence, ſeeing my innocence undermin'd with ſo much ſtudy, & eagernes, and by many powerfull perſonages, who were the more to be feared, if their purpoſes could take ſo much effect as it hath of affection. But I hope to break through this miſt, and fowle weather, that you ſhall ſee me triumph over calumny by mine integrity, as you have er'ſt ſeen me triumph over hoſtile attempts by mine Armes: if God diſpoſe of it otherwiſe, all this trouble is procured mee for my beauteous wifes ſake, on whō *M. Anthony* might have ſome plot, & this

this might be the occasion of hastning my journey, for to give his passion more ease, and liberty. But for the present I adjure you by the respect you did alwaies beare towards me, by my fortune which you doe reverence, by our bloud and nature, that if (peradventure) you doe understand that I bee otherwise entreated, then my quality and innocence will beare, you permit not after the death of *Herod* that his bed be injur'd. Maintaine the Kingdome for you and yours, and cause my wife forthwith to be dispatcht out of the world, for to beare mee company in another life. Kill her resolutely for feare some take possession of her after my death. If soules departed have any sense, or feeling of the affaires of this world, this will greatly solace, and content me.

Ioseph

Ioseph was not a litle startled at this tale, yet promises notwithstanding to put all things in execution according to his will, in case necessity required it. But his fortune alwaies dreadfull, and invincible, made him to conceive farre better hopes: Hereupon hee sets him on his way, taking with him the choicest pieces, and ornaments in his Treasury for to present unto those, whom he should stand in need of: shewing moreover such confidence in his countenance, as he harbour'd dispaire in his heart.

When he was arrived at *Laodicea*, he found many strange informations, & articles drawn against him, which did charge him sorely with the murther of *Aristobulus*. It was made manifest to *M. Anthony*, that *Herod* had alwaies his eyes, and thoughts bent upon the kingdome

kingdome of *Iudea*, ſet on by his furious and exorbitant ambition, ſo that nothing more did check his hopes then to ſee *Ariſtobulus* living, to whom hee knew in his conſcience, the Scepter ſo juſtly to belong, that he durſt not beg it himſelfe from the *Romans*, but with the title of Regency, & Protectorſhip, during the minority of the right heire. That hee had converted his Regency firſt into a Royalty, then to Tyranny, removing (as much as poſſibly hee could) the blood Royall from all dignities, for to advance men of naught into ſuch places, witneſſe *Ananel* ſubſtituted to the Pontificate, whereof *Hyrcanus* was diſpoil'd, that which made him change his purpoſe was not his good will and affection, but importunity, and the apparent danger which

which he ſaw to ariſe by the peo-ples inſurrection, for the repulſe of the Royall family. That *Ari-ſtobulus* being promoted to the Pontificate, and receiv'd with the generall ſhouts, and acclamations of the people, this action was ſo diſtaſtfull and odious unto him, that hee could not conceale the madneſſe of his envy, under the mask of his ordinary hypocriſie, that ſince that time he never gave over to perſecute the deceaſed Prince and his mother, in ſuch a-manner, that they finding no place of reſt among the living, hid them-ſelves in the Coffins among the dead, ſo to be convei'd to Sea, and thence to ſaile for *Egypt*; that hee cauſed them to bee apprehended in the fact, and that from thence forward, he ſtudied nothing more then how to rid them out of his

way

way, that the young Prince died in the waters not ſolitary, & abandoned to himſelfe, but ſtifled manifeſtly by ſome inſolent Pages of the Court, and boſome of *Herod.*

All this proceſſe, or bill of information (ſay they) was ſo evident, and cleare, as if it were written with the Sun-beam. The voice of blood reacht up into heaven, that the Traytor could not ſtill the cry. They ſhew'd the picture of this poore Prince, which was a litle before his death brought into *Egypt* for the ſingular admiration of his beauty, they made his Ghoſt alſo to ſpeak, & to demãd juſtice of *M. Anthony*, for being ſo inhumanely aſſaſcinned in the flowre and ſpring of his yeares, by the blackeſt treaſon that ever had bee n devis'd. The regrets and ſorrows of

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the poor mother amongst all these were not pretermitted in her absence. *Cleopatra* did act on the Tragœdy, the onset was hot, the battery very fierce, and violent: *Herod* who never wanted an eloquent, and smooth tongue in his own behalfe, makes his Apology with a most demure, and sober modest countenance.

Illustrious Prince,

AND you my Noble Lords that assist at this Councell, I doe not hold the Scepter of *Iudea* from *Hyrcanus*, nor yet from *Alexandra*, I never had the intention to flatter them to this effect, and have lesse reason yet to stand in awe of them: You know (most noble *Anthony*) that the Kingdome that is now in my hands I hold from you; by you have I advanced

advanced my greatneſſe, and in you are terminated all my hopes. If you command, I am ready at this houre, not to lay downe my Scepter only, but alſo my life, which I was never deſirous to preſerve but for your ſervice: But it troubles mee that the way of death, being wide and open to all the world, that of reputation (which to mee is dearer then my life) is blockt up againſt mine innocence. I am perſecuted by women, and I doe greatly wonder that the ſoule of *Cleopatra* all divine could ingender ſo much choller, and rancor againſt a King, who never fail'd in his reſpects juſtly due to her worth and honor. For *Alexandra* I doe not at all marvell if ſhe rais'd this tempeſt againſt me; her fierce, and high ſpirit hath ſtill tempted my patience,

labouring by all ſiniſter waies to avile, and diſparage my government, and to take away perforce a crown, with a more puiſſant hand then thoſe of her fore-fathers hath ſet upon my head. What reaſon could ſhe pretend? Since by the favour of the *Romans*, I doe peaceably ſtand in a Kingdome, which was caſt upon me with the conſent even of my adverſaries. I never ſought for it (my ambition was ſo regular & modeſt) if I had, I had been guilty of a crime ſo horrible, that could not come within the thoughts of a mankind-wolfe. There is no man would play the villaine meerly for pleaſure; the Idea of vengeance, which is repreſented to the fancie, carries (as it were) a torch before the offence for to reveale it to the world. To what purpoſe had it beene to at-

tempt

tempt the life of *Aristobulus*? Was it to establish my estate? That was secure enough already: Your favour (most noble PRINCE) hath conferr'd on me more then all casualities whatsoever shall be able to conquer, or ravish from me. But I have ever put back the royall house from all promotions. How put it back? What in calling the disjoynted and scattered kindred within my bosome, as much as lay in my power? Every man knowes, how that *Hyrcanus* chiefe of the royall family, being detained prisoner among the *Parthians*, I stretcht my nerves, bent my veines, and engaged all my credit to set him at liberty, and make him returne to Court where he lives now in contented peace, partaking of all the rights, and priviledges of Majestie, without molesting his

head with any care of Civil affairs. 'Tis well knowne I have ſhar'd with him my Crowne, and my bed with his daughter *Mariamne*, making her Queene of Nations, and the ſpouſe of a King. I gave the Pontificate to her brother *Ariſtobulus* of meere free-will, being no way conſtrained thereunto, as being abſolute in the managing of my eſtate; and if I have adjourn'd it for a time, it was becauſe the age of the child did not tread equall paces with my deſires, for in effect they have ſeene him Pontiffie at eighteene yeares of age, which was no ordinary favour. *Alexandra* his Mother which cauſed all this ſtirre and turmoile, ever had full liberty in my Court, except the Licence to undoe her ſelfe, which ſhe ſo oft, and eagerly deſir'd. For what reaſon

ſon had ſhe to thruſt her ſelfe into a Coffin, and be carried by night as a dead body, to ſteale away out of my Court, and after ſhe had revil'd me in my houſe, now to goe and diſparage me abroad among ſtrangers? If ſhee had a deſire to make a journey to Egypt, had ſhe ſpoke the word, it would have ſufficed; but ſhe pleas'd to ſurmiſe falſe dangers in true ſafety, and to put thoſe into hazard of their lives, that made her to live in all ſecurity. When I had diſcover'd this impoſture I have not let out one harſh diſtaſtfull word againſt her, making her to enjoy with eaſe the ſpectacle of my patience, and judging that every fooliſh offender is ſufficiently puniſhed by his owne conſcience. A ſhort time after followed the lamentable death of the young PRINCE,

which drew from me bitter teares of compaſſion, for I lov'd him dearly, and I am ſorry his Mother alter'd the ſweetneſſe of his good nature, and caus'd ſo much trouble to his younger yeares. He died not with me, but at his Mothers houſe, and by an accident which no man could prevent; died ſporting in the water, an element that we cannot truſt unto, where thouſands have periſhed, without any treachery; died with ſome pages of the Court, with whom he did uſually take his paſtime. 'Twas his owne motion that brought him to the water: The alacrity of his youth made him play with danger it ſelfe, which none could diſſwade him from, and his diſmall fate drowned him. It were too hard, and unreaſonable a taske impos'd upon me, if *Alexandra* would

would have me be accountable for the youthfulneſſe of her ſon, as though I had been his Governour, or for the infidelity and inconſtancy of the elements, as if I were Lord over them.

This pernicious head delivered this ſpeech with ſuch grace, and plauſibility that hee tooke off the edge of their ſpleene. Such power hath Rhetorick even in the tongue of a miſcreant! Loe he is paſt all danger, being as yet but got abord (as they ſay,) walking in the Court of *Anthony* with all freedome, expecting his ſentence of juſtification. In the meane while (as he was courteous & liberal on occaſions) by vertue of his donatives hee wonne the hearts of the chiefeſt men in the Court, and made all the accuſations to be but the pettiſhneſſe, and ſpleen of a woman miſ-

inform'd. *M. Anthony* himselfe told *Cleopatra* that she did ill to intermedle so much in forreigne Kingdomes, and if that he should offend by her incitement shee might stirre up enemies to the hazard of his estate; that *Herod* was a King, and it was not fit to use him as a subject, nay it was his happinesse to have him rather for his friend then his foe. While matters were a canvasing in *Anthony's* Court, the Mother and sister of *Herod* fail'd not to observe with all diligent circumspection the actions of the Queene *Mariamne* and of her Mother *Alexandra*. His Vncle *Joseph* was Keeper of the Prison, and did often visit *Mariamne*, sometimes for businesse, and sometimes for complement. This man began to be sindged like a butterfly with beames shot from the

the eyes of this incomparable beauty, and did beare a great deal of affection towards her, and though hee ſaw himſelfe farre enough from all manner of pretenſions, yet notwithſtanding he took a delight, that hee had plac'd his love on ſo high an object. This paſſion turn'd his braines, and made him fooliſh and talkative; being already clowne enough by ill education, which made him talke wonderfull ridiculous, and fooliſh. For one day when there was a ſpeech made of the affection that *Herod* beare to his wife *Mariamne*, *Alexandra* her Mother jeer'd at it very ironically, according to her faſhion; I*oſeph* who would have the Queene ſtill to entertaine a good liking of her husband his Maſter, whether hee was mad or drunke ſpake with a loud voice: *Ma-*

Madam, let your Mother *Alexandra* ſpeak her pleaſure, but to ſhew you an evident teſtimony of the love the King your husband beares you, he gave me a charge, in caſe he were put to death himſelf, to kill you alſo, for that he could not be without your company in the other world.

At this ſpeech the poor Ladies grew pale and wan with feare. Alas the Tyrant (quoth *Alexandra* in her heart) what will hee doe being alive, ſince that in his death he cauſeth thoſe to die that ſurvive him. In the mean while there went a rumour very briefe in *Ieruſalem* (the dreames of credulous men) that *Herod* was dead, that *M. Anthony* had ſent him to execution, being convicted of the death of *Ariſtobulus*. Whether this bruite was divulged abroad by ſome of

Herods

Herod's enemies, or whether himselfe made it be spread secretly, for to prove the countenance and inclinations of men. Wise *Mariamne* seem'd to give it no credit. *Alexandra* grew impatient and shrudded like a bird on the perch, beseeching *Ioseph* with all supplications possible to take them out of the pallace, and to lead them to the Court of Guard of the *Roman* legions, committing them into the protection of *Colonel Iulius*, that they might thence passe with safe conduct to *M*, *Anthony*; for shee greatly desir'd that this PRINCE might see her daughter; perswading her selfe that as soone as hee should have a view of her, hee should be captivated with her eies, and would shew all possible favour. These intentions being naughty, had no good successe at all,

all, and all the purſuits of *Alexandra* ſerv'd for nothing but to vent her paſſion. *Herod* at length returnes victoriouſly with authentique teſtimonies of his juſtification, notwithſtanding all the endeavours of *Cleopatra*: God reſerving this Paracide for a *Cain's* life which concluded with a wretched, and fearefull death. His mother and ſiſter fail'd not to preſent him forthwith at his arrivall with a modell of their myſtery, and to acquaint him with the intention that *Alexandra* had to put her ſelfe under the power of the *Romans*. *Salome*, who envy'd *Mariamne* beyond meaſure, dipping her ſerpentine tongue in the gall of calumnie, accuſed her of ſecret familiarity with *Ioſeph*: Wherefore *Herod* who was extreamly jealous, thought inſtantly to cure it, and taking

taking *Mariamne* apart, askt her whence proceeded that amitie which ſhee had contracted with *Ioſeph*. The moſt Chaſt Queen, whoſe patience was never vanquiſht, ſhew'd by her eies, by the poſture of her countenance, and ſpeeches that ſhee was ſo ſtung with this black ſlander that her perfidious husband did eaſily perceive how farre ſhe was from ſuch thoughts; and (in truth) being aſham'd of himſelfe for propoſing ſuch Queſtions unto her, he crav'd pardon, ſhedding hot teares, and thanking her for proving ſo faithfull to his bed, and making a thouſand proteſtations of immortal affection. The good Lady ſomewhat diſpleas'd to ſee ſo much hypocriſie, told him covertly, that indeed hee bare reall love to his wife who would needs have her com-

company in the other world. *Herod* presently apprehended at halfe a word what shee meant, and entred into such distemper and violent passiõ, that he seemed to be distracted, tearing his beard & hair, and crying *Ioseph* had betray'd him, and that now hee must needs say hee had too much intelligence with *Mariamne*; otherwise no man could be so simple and sottish as to reveale so important a secret. Hereupon he commands *Ioseph* to be kill'd outright for a sacrifice to his returne, not permitting him to come in his sight, nor would he hearken to one word of excuse. It did want but a litle that he did not thẽ fel down more sacrifices to his wide insatiate cruelty, and did not put *Mariamne* too to death; but the assured proofe of her innocence, and the impatient heate of his

his love ſuſpended the blow, that hee might make his anger (like nimble lightning) fly further off, which hee diſcharged on *Alexandra*, whom hee did confine for a time, keeping her aſunder from Queene *Mariamne* her daughter, taking it now for certaine that it was in her forge that all the machinations, & conſpiracies for his ruine were fram'd and fill'd.

Not long after, *Herod* ſaw himſelfe imbarkt in another buſineſſe no leſſe dangerous then the former. *M. Anthony* (who ever lent him his ſhoulder to ſupport him) had a long time contended againſt the fortune of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and was quite diſcomfited in the battell of *Actium*, ending his hopes and life with a ſad Cataſtrophe. This accident aſtoniſht the Tyrant more then can be imagined, ſeeing

seeing the prop whereon he lean'd, ruin'd : His affaires which hee thought were now well knit, ript againe in a night, and had him for an adversary who was so forward in his designe for the Empire of the whole world. His friends and foes deem'd him one of the forlorne hope: He that escap't so many shipwracks doth not a whit despaire in this extremity, he takes a resolution to goe, and find *Cæsar* who was then at *Rhodes*, and to cast himselfe at his feet : but before he sets out on's journey, hee commits one most barbarous and inhumane act. *Hyrcanus* the right and lawfull King, who by his gentleneſſe and facility of nature first rais'd *Antipater*, then sav'd *Herod's* life, promoting him to the Kingdome to the prejudice of his owne blood, was yet surviving in

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a decrepit age laden with yeares & cares: for he was paſt foureſcore yeares. The Tyrant fearing that he alone being left of the Royall blood, ſhould bee reſtored to the throne by the requeſts of the people, who did tender his innocence, ſeeing him now at the brinck of the grave flings him in, expelling (by brutiſh violence) that ſoule which he was ready to ſurrender up to nature. This was judg'd meer ſavage cruelty without any colour of juſtice, wherewith this abominable monſter ever us'd to palliat his actions: others write the death of *Hyrcanus* to have beene haſtned by this occaſion.

Alexandra (who could not ſhake off her ambitiō but with her skin) ſeeing that *Herod* went on a voyage, whence, peradventure, he was never to return, boords her father

Hyrcanus, and ſhews him that the time was come wherein God would make his venerable old age to flouriſh anew in Royall purple: The Tyrant is intangled in ſuch nets and labyrinths that hee ſhall never get himſelf out againe. Fortune knocks at *Hyrcanus* his dore to render him the Diadem which is due unto him by right of inheritance, and taken from him by tyranny. It remain'd that he would but help himſelfe as much as in him lay, and his good fortune would work out the reſt. *Hyrcanus* replies; daughter the time is come that I ſhould rather meditate on my grave then a Royall Throne. You know what eſteem I made of greatneſſe being yet in an age, and condition when I had all reaſon to entertaine them, yet I have renounc't them with a free-will, preferring

preferring my reſt before all the Diadems in the world. Now that I am in the Haven would you have me lanch again into the tempeſtuous Seas: Forbeare ſuch fond ſpeeches (good daughter) I have beheld but too much miſeries, talk to me of a Sepulchre, and not of a Scepter. *Alexandra* replies, that ſince he did not pretend to the life, nor the fortune of the living, yet notwithſtanding that he ought not to neglect his own blood, that he ſhould give way to equity, and he needed not to diſquiet himſelf, but onely to write a few lines to *Malchus* Lieutenant of *Arabia*, and hee would ſupply him with mony & ſufficient forces, as much as he had need of. Laſtly, he was bound in conſcience, and by the law of nature to preſerve his daughter and Grand-child from

the teeth of this Tigre. She did so ply his eares with these & the like reasons, that at length hee yeelded to her, and treats with *Malchus*, that he should levy for him a number of horse. The Letters are delivered into the hands of one *Dositheus* (a Cosen of this Ioseph which *Herod* had caus'd lately to be slaine) for to be carried with all safety; but this perfidious slave betraying the blood of his allies, and the fortune of *Hyrcanus*, insteed of carrying faithfully the Letter to *Malchus*, delivers it into the hands of *Herod*, who bids him go and deliver the said Letter, and bring back the answer to him for to discover further the countenance, and intention of the *Arabian*. He fail'd not to promise *Hyrcanus* all assistance, inviting him with all kindnesse to come over speedily unto him. He-

Herod having discover'd the whole matter, calls for *Hyrcanus*, and asketh him if he had received any Letters from *Malchus*? Yea (quoth he) but they contained nothing but complements: the other demandes, if with these Letters he did not receive some presents? He confessed that *Malchus* (indeed) had made him a present of foure horses to draw his Coach. Hereupon without any further forme of proceeding, the Tyrant commands the reverend old man to be murther'd, dying with blood the hoary head of him who had been his Nurse, Protector, Father & all. Then after he had cag'd up *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* in some place of strength under the guard of *Ioseph* his Treasurer, & *Soheme* the *Iturean*, he goes streight waies towards *Rhodes*, committing the

whole charge of his Realme to his brother *Pheroras*. The Hiſtory makes no mention of the laments of the Queene and her Mother upon the death of *Hyrcanus*: Tis credible that all was conceald from them a long time, being kept in cloſe priſon, having no communication with any body. *Alexandra* champt upon the bit with much impatience: *Mariamne* did beare out the tediouſneſſe of this captivity with noble conſtancy, & ſought by all meanes to addulce her Mothers diſcontents. All her comfort was in God, for what elſe could ſhe ſpeak of, or think on? My God (quoth ſhe) thou ſteepeſt all thy creatures for me in wormewood: If I have at any time lov'd them and ſuckt any ſweet from the world, thou gaveſt me for one ounce of Hony a pound of Gall,

ever

Ever ſince I lai'd the Diadem on my head, I have felt nothing but thornes, and ſoveraignty was to me but a gorgious and noble ſlavery. My God, when ſhall we behold that joyfull day to ſhine upon us, which wee doe each day wait for, that ſhall dry up our teares, and burſting the bonds of our captivity, ſhall ſend us into *Abrahams* boſome, and into the freedome of thine elect? Theſe poore Ladies remained there in durance among horrid wals without ſeeing any thing but rocks, & wild ſolitude, which ſeemed to retain ſome compaſſion of their griefes: they knew not how the world went, much leſſe how any of the affaires of the Court ſtood: Every time the keeper came to viſit them, they expected no other tidings but the doome of death.

The Guard at the beginning shewed some severity in their looks, & were reserv'd in their speeches, & all seem'd full of horrour, feare, & sad silence. But there is no iron but molifies at last in the fire. *Soheme*, visiting them the oftner according to his commission, felt the rayes that issued from *Mariamnes* eyes so sharp, that they pierc't his heart with relenting compassion; judging it too harsh dealing, to detaine a Queene captive, who by the liberall endowments which heaven had enricht her person with, could captivate all hearts. Hee begins to carry a more benigne aspect towards her, and *Mariamne* seeing him one day in a good mood took occasion to speak to him with boldnesse, and to aske him some news from the other world.

Soheme

Soheme (saith the Princesse) you see us now in a very wofull estate, and our personages, but a day will come (perhaps) when this tempest will be blown over: misfortunes doe not alwaies attend at the same haven; you know what I am, and that in shewing me favour you shall not oblige an impotent much lesse an ingratefull creature: only give us some hint of *Herods* purpose in deteining us here, and in what case the affaires are now abroad. *Soheme* at these words felt his heart sorely shaken with a most fierce assault: on th'one side was represented to his thoughts the revenge of *Herod*, which he observed lately in the example of *Ioseph*, on the other side hee was so touched with commiseration at this noble Princesse, that his frozen heart began now to melt and

to

to break forth at his eyes. *Mariamne* seeing him perplext, and at a stand: Speak boldly *Soheme*, this shall no way prejudice thee being lockt up in deep secrecy, & it may doe us much service, for the safty of our estate. *Soheme* imagining that either *Herod* would never return in the quality of a King, or that being in the protection of *Mariamne*, hee might easily purchase his pardon, unfolds his heart and tells her.

Madam I commit my secrets, & life into your power; also I desire to dye the death before that ever I should come to execute the barbarous command that *Herod* gave me, in case the affaires where of hee now treats with *Cæsar*, should not succeed according to his expectation. And what was it (quoth Madam) Madam I trem-

ble

ble only to think on it. 'Tis a matter that concernes your life. My friend (replied *Mariamne*) this is his ordinary ſtile: ſo ran the mandate to his uncle *Ioſeph* in his firſt voyage. But are there no meanes to get out hence? *Soheme* makes anſwer, that *Pheroras Herod's* brother had charge of the Realme, & that (as extreamly jealous & miſtruſting) he has a heedfull eye, left by ſome new device you contrive your eſcape. Well, dye then wee muſt (quoth the Princeſſe:) to what ſide ſhall I turne my ſelfe? I ſee nothing but angers and the Image of death, with which I begin now to be familiarly acquainted. *Soheme* comforted her as much as lay in his power; but the ſtopping her eares thence forward to all charmes of worldly comfort dilated her heart to receive

ſome

ſome from heaven; purifying her vexed ſoule day by day in a Bath of teares, & the ſmarting fornace of her afflictions. O the providence of the Almighty! 'Tis very true what the Scripture ſaith, *Thy paths are in the deep, and thy tracks on the waters*, who can diſcover ſuch dark footſteps! When this moſt chaſt, and innocent Queen in an obſcure priſon ſwimmes every day for a good part of her life in her own teares.

Herod being imbarkt (as yet all bloody with the maſſacre committed on the perſon of *Hyrcanus*) findes the Seas and Windes, men and opportunity all propitious to his affaires. This *Proteus* whoſe wit was pliant for all adventures, ſeeing that he could not diſſemble the ſervices hee had done to *M. Anthony*, ſtill proſtrating himſelf,

like

like a fawning Curre at the feet of his fortune, intends to put a faire gloſſe upon them, and cover them with the mantle of vertue. Hee knew that *Auguſtus* was a Prince well born, generous and juſt, and that hee would employ faithfull ſervants in this new motion of buſineſſes which he had thē in hand; hee diſguiſeth himſelfe under the ſhadow of vertue, and cheats under the colour of conſtancy, and pretext of fidelity. Loe now he preſents himſelf to the Emperour & beſpeaks his Highneſſe in theſe tearmes.

Great Emperour,

BEhold my Perſon and my Crown at your Highneſſe feet; tis reaſon good that all ſhould riſe by your greatneſſe, ſince that God would commit the Empire of the univerſe to your hands. As for me

I cannot feigne, and bely what I have been, no more would I dissemble what I ought and should be. I haue hitherto ('tis true) stood for my noble friend *M. Anthony*, and if he had given eare to mee as he did to *Cleopatra* his Mistris, you should have found (*Cæsar*) how much I was your enimy, and his friend; but this unhappy Prince being gull'd and besotted by that creature took money from me, & advise from her to ruinate (by so doing, his own fortune, & to build yours upon their ruines: I have followed him even to the margent of the grave but did not enter in, in regard my death could no way advantage him; he is in that conditiõ that I cã do nothing but send him the tribute of my teares; To you (great *Cæsar*) are due the services which I do tẽder with a free and

& ready heart, if you bee pleas'd to accept of them on the conditiõ not to conſtrain mee to think or ſpeak any thing injuriouſly to the memory of my ancient Maſter, whom being not able to ſerve, I ought nevertheleſſe to reſpect, and love after death.

Auguſtus liked well of this bold language, and deem'd that this man was of good proofe & mettle to make a good ſervant of, not ſeeing the ſubtlety of the Fox, meaſuring all for his own intereſt. He takes the Crown and places it on the head of *Herod*, ſaying, I would you ſhould live peaceably in your dominions, and be but as loyall to me as you have bin to *M. Anthony*.

Herod after this ſo lucky an acceſſe, ceaſt not to ſet himſelfe forward to the good liking of *Auguſtus*, ſeeking all occaſions ſo to do,

but

but moſt of all in that voyage of the Emperour made to *Ægypt*, where he did continually give aſſiſtance and ſerve in many good offices. This buſineſſe ſo happily ſped, hee returnes in triumph to *Hieruſalem* with the aſtoniſhment of all the world. This was it that the vertuous Queen *Mariamne* did protract a life for ever to bee a ſacrifice for the ſolemnity of her bloody husbands triumphs.

Let us now ſee how this Lamp was extinguiſht, we cannot expect any ill ſent, the faire qualities of her life did accompany her to her death. Aſſoon as *Herod* was entred within the chief City, he goes to ſalute the Queen his wife whom he had cauſed to be ſet at liberty, being his affaires were in ſafety, & brings her the firſt tidings of the happy ſucceſſe of his voyage, hee

was

was ſo ſwolne with the conceit of his good fortunes, that hee could hardly contain himſelfe within his skin, and the loue of ſo amiable an object as was then preſent after ſo many dangers exhauſted, did let his tongue looſe to much boaſting & vain ſuperfluous ſpeeches, thinking that by his diſcourſe he did much improve his honour and reputation. *Mariamne* pin'd away upon her leggs with fretfulneſſe to heare his vanities, and as ſhe was free and genuine in all her carriage, ſhee ſhewed how litle pleaſure ſhe took in his Rhodomantades, which his joy did heighthen to a degree of folly. He imagining this at firſt to bee but a fit of Melancholy which would ſoon vaniſh into ſmoak, did chear her up the more with words, ſhewing more Court-ſhip then

uſuall. Among theſe careſſes, the poore Lady breathes out a ſigh or two, calling to minde the ſecret command lately given to *Soheme*. He well perceived by her countenance that ſhe was ſomewhat diſcontented, and entred into a ſuſpition that *Soheme* alſo had the flux in the tongue as well as *Ioſeph*. He knew not then how to compoſe his countenance, ſo much was hee moved within himſelfe. Love, choler, and jealouſie did inceſſantly hurry, and diſquiet him: hee could not be angry as he would, & could not chooſe but love whom he had ſtill impotently lov'd. This haughty ſpirit that could never ſtoop to any, but to deceive, was aſham'd to ſee himſelfe thus diſarm'd, and become as it were a Zanie in amorous dalliances not ordinary to his nature; then ſeeing that

that theſe ſubtilties did not ſucceed, hee torments himſelfe the more, and thinks now to flouriſh with the ſword, but love was ſo predominant over wrath, & withheld the ſtroak: Hereupon he retires, ſhaking his head, and muttering I know not what between his teeth, as curſing that love which made him mercifull in deſpight of his inclination. But alas there is no hatred to that of womē againſt their own kinde, when a jealouſie once ſeiſeth on their braines! *Cipre* an *Arabian* by nation, the mother of *Herod*, & *Salome* his ſiſter, ſeeing him ſo paſſionate fayled not to blow the coales with their tongues, and to kindle them with impudent ſlanders which the Tyrant gave credit to in part, but yet could not reſolve to ſtrike the ſtroak. It was a long time in agi-

tation ere any thing could be concluded upon; at laſt there arives an unhappy day, when at noone-tide having withdrawn himſelfe to his privy chamber he ſends for *Mariamne*, who preſently comes upon the meſſage: But *Herod* being minded to a game in bed, ſhee would not conſent thereto, telling him the law of nature forbad her to lye with a man that had murther'd her Father and her Brother, meaning *Alexander*, who by the perſuit of *Herod* had been overthrown by the *Romans*, and her brother *Ariſtobulus* ſo cruelly ſtifled in the waters. Here *Ioſephus* the Hiſtorian, after hee hath ſo highly extol'd *Mariamne* as a chaſt Queen and truly endowed with an inviolable faith (for theſe be his words) taxes her with a litle diſdain which was (as hee ſaith)

grown

grown up with her nature, in that ſhee did diſreſpect the careſſes of her husband. But hee that would well ponder how *Herod* had entreated her neereſt kindred, maſſacring them moſt indignly, & how that holding the Scepter from her houſe hee did not eſteem of her as of a Queen, but as of a poore victime, which he caus'd to be ſhut up, commanding it to be beheaded whenſoever he ran in jeopardie of his life, for feare that any other ſhould enjoy her after his death; he ſhall finde that the Lady had ſufficient reaſon to give him this anſwer. Nevertheleſſe *Herod* that could not brook ſuch freedome of ſpeech, was ſo incens'd at theſe words that he went neere then to doe her a miſchiefe; his eyes ſparkling with anger, his voice rough, and his hands lift up to commit vi-

olence. As he walkt up & down in his chamber in a chafe, skirmiſhing thus with his choler, *Mariamne* ſtanding by without any farther reply, treacherous *Salome* thought it now a convenient time to give vent to her malitious project; ſhee ſends a ſervant that had pawn'd his faith and credit, and whom ſhe a long time had been inſtructing for to make him depoſe a ſlander as wicked as ridiculous, which was, that *Mariamne* having an intention to giue her husband a philtre (or love potion) ſhe addreſt her ſelfe to him, who being then the Kings Taſter and ſought to work him to doe this feat with many rewards, and promiſes, which he would never give eare unto. Moreover hee was ſo taught his leſſon, that if, peradventure *Herod* demanded the ingredients

dients of the Philtre, hee ſhould anſwer without farther heſitation that the Queen had the contriving of it, and that ſhe required of him only but to adminiſter it. This miſcreant enters the chamber in cold bloud, and makes depoſition moſt ſeriouſly: whereat *Herod*, who was all fire already, being more inflam'd then ever, thought with himſelfe that he needed not wonder any more whence this impatience of love ſhould proceed. Hee commands preſently an Eunuch of the Queen, one of the moſt truſtie of them to be attacht, thinking that nothing paſt without his knowledge, hee puts him to the rack, inſomuch that his body being already weak enough, not able to beare out the violence of the tortures, and on the other ſide having nothing to ſpeak againſt his

good Mistris, in whose conversation he never knew any thing but what was honourable and honest; hee was kept a great while in this miserable plight, at length hee lets fly a word, saying that hee had seen *Soheme* talking a long time in private with the Queen, as though hee made some discovery and that since that time hee well perceived that she was much dejected. *Herod* had no sooner heard this speech, but 'tis enough, saith he, take him off and call *Soheme*.

Soheme knew nothing of this that passed, he liv'd in great content, having lately attain'd to some good place of command by the Queens recommendation. He was quite astonisht when he saw them lay hands on him and compell him to confesse the discourse hee had with *Mariamne* when she was

was in prison: he utterly denying the matter is forthwith slain. This day *Herod* retires into his Cabinet, drinking by full draughts the gaul and venome of his fatall anger, meditating in his heart on the fury which hee should make to burst out shortly in publique: for without allowing any truce to his labouring brain, he assembles his Privie Councell, and sends for his Queen, who expected nothing lesse then such arraignment. This monster that studied alwaies to set a colour of justice on his most unreasonable actions, beginnes a long Oration which he had indited at his leasure, and as every man stood like a Ghost struck with feare and silence, expecting the issue of this Tragœdy (onely bold *Mariamne* stood arm'd with an undanted constancy for all events) he

he ſpeaks to them in theſe termes.

It ſeems God would counterballance my proſperous affaires abroad with the unhappineſſe of domeſtick evills: I have found ſafety among the winds and tempeſts in irkſome voyages I have undertaken, and in many perillous atchievements that I have brought about, to finde in my return a tempeſt in mine own Court. You are not ignorant how that I have foſtered all the houſe of *Hyrcanus* in my boſome in thoſe deplored times, when it was at a low ebb, & neer confuſion; in recompence whereof as if I did ſit upon the egs of a Serpent, ſo I have found but hiſſing and ſtinging. God knowes how oft I have diſſembled injuries, and how oft I have cur'd thē with patience, but yet I cannot bring my heart to ſo obdurat and

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brawnie a temper, but it is ever & anon ſtirr'd up and ſcarified with ſome new ſores. Behold there my wife, who following his Mothers ſteps, is ever bent to trouble my repoſe. As ſoon as I was return'd from my late dangerous voyage, as you know, I brought her tiding of the happy ſucceſſe to my affaires, ſhee ſhewing how litle eſteem ſhe made of my eſtate and perſon, did heare mee with ſuch a coy and diſdainfull carriage, that notwithſtanding all the Courtſhip I made to her, I could not draw from her pride one good word, nay ſhee was not content with this, ſhee proceeds to open miſchiefes, and bloudy machinations, which I had rather (in honour of your eares) paſſe over in ſilence, & come to effects. Behold there one of my faithfull ſervants,

that

that doth testifie how that she had suborn'd him to give me a Philtre, that is, poyson for to giddie my braines, and take away my life, which God doth still preserve to make a recognizance of all the good offices which all in generall and you in particular have done me: So you see that I am arrived home with my temples girt with Laurells, honoured and favour'd by the most renowned men of the world, to bee the shittle-cock of a womans malice, and the But of her treachery. I could not win her by ardency of love, or any good turnes, no more then if shee had been a Lioness. Consult among you what you ought to doe, I deliver her to the power of your iustice, being not (in this case) to follow mine own judgement, that posterity may know that mine

own intereſts come alwáies below the truth, to which I have taught them ever to ſtoop and bend the knee.

Herod in ſpeaking theſe words would ſeem to be very calme conjuring down his paſſion, and curbing his nature which was pliable enough, but yet his choler ſo wrought and fum'd up, that the Councell ſoon diſcover'd his malady, & that he had a full purpoſe to exterminate the Queen. They ſummon her to anſwer upon the ſuddain without any Advocate. This glorious *Amazon*, a young Impe of the *Macchabees*, and heire of their heroick patience, being preſented before this crue & conventicle of malignant ſpirits, 28 yeares before the comming of our Saviour in the fleſh, did then what may inſtruct poſterity moſt il-

illuſtriouſly by her example. No man ever obſerv'd an impatient word to ſally out of her mouth, ſhe uſed not any word of recrimination, or charged back any with their own crimes, and being able to lay before the Councell the many outrages ſhe had ſuffered in her own perſon, and in her kindred, ſhe ſwallowed all wrongs with more then humane patience; only touching the main Article of her accuſation, ſhe ſaid that for the draught or potion that was objected to her, 'twas a thing in the judgement of all that would conſider it well, fartheſt off any thing from her thoughts, ſeeing that ſhe had alwaies dreaded the love of *Herod* more then his hate: moreover that ſhe made not any account of her life wherein ſhe had endur'd but too many afflictions, much leſſe

leſſe of the Court where ſhe never drew any ayre of delight, and that if they would oppreſſe her innocence by falſe witneſſe, it was moſt eaſie to overcome her, no ſubject more obvious and probable. It was moſt eaſie to take the Diadem off her head and her head off her ſhoulders, but it would bee no eaſie taske to take from her the reputation of a Lady of Honour which ſhe held in *Capite* from her anceſtors, & which ſhe would carry along with her to the duſt.

The poore ſoule was as a ſilly Lamb in the jawes of a Lion, and in the fangs of many Wolues: They proceed to judgement and all proceed according to *Herods* propenſion. They knew it was his will to rid her out of his way, that was ſufficient. There was not one found

found that had the boldneſſe to ſtand up in the defence of the innocent Queen, or to aſſwage the paſſion of *Herod* in any manner. Each mans conſcience was clog'd either with crimes, or timorouſneſſe; whence it hapned that theſe impious judges did more in favour of the Tyrant then he would have done, for they all concluded to adjudge her to death: hee was ſtruck with ſome horrour at the firſt, as bloudy a man as he was, & commanded that ſhee ſhould bee committed to ſafe cuſtody within the Court, ſuſpending the execution, thinking perhaps thereby to make her the more tractable to his humour. But enraged *Salome* that had ſtirr'd up this tempeſt not willing to leave a thing halfe done drawes neere to the King her brother, & makes remonſtrance, that

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ſuch birds were not to be kept in cages that this was a buſineſſe which concern'd his Crowne and Life, and that all now tended to a revolt, if he delai'd this execution he would haſten his owne ruine and the eſtates both: whereupon *Herod* let ſlip this ſpeech, *Why let her be taken away*; and immediately a Tribune was diſpatcht to the good Queene, who brings her news of her laſt houres approach, ſaluting her with all reverence, *Madam* the King calls for you, and you are preſently to die: ſhe nothing moved with the meſſage replies, let us goe (friend) outright, *Herod* cannot be ſo ſpeedy but he ſeemes ſlow to me: and when ſhe had thus ſaid ſhee advances forward, and marches ſtreight to the place of execution, without changing her colour, with a cleer coun-

tenance which drew tears from all ſpectatours to crowne her patience. As ſhe was ready to receive the fatall ſtoake, *Alexandra* her Mother, her companion in Priſon, the Cabinet of her thoughts, that both ſeem'd to have but one heart in two breaſts betraying her blood, nature, and all pietie for ſome miſchievous reaſon of ſtate that ſhe might not be ſuſpected of *Herod* as though ſhe had conſented to her daughters perverſneſſe, comes there to taxe her with horrible iniuries, and ſhee went neere to dragge the poore Princeſſe by the haire of the head, and to hale her along the pavement, telling her in extreme rage, that ſhe was an untoward peeviſh dame, and that ſhee did well deſerve death for that ſhe would not agree with ſo good a husband for

the

the ſupporting of their common fortunes. See here the greateſt indignity that can be conceived! In ſuch an accident there is no better hony, nor a worſer ſting then that of bees, and no better amity, nor worſer enmity then that of kindred. Patient *Mariamne* did not ſpeake a word, not ſo much as, Good Mother permit my ſoule to depart in peace which is now upon my lips ready to take her flight, and trouble not my laſt and eternall reſt; but with a generous ſilence ſealing her mouth to all replies, and opening her heart towards God the only witneſſe of her innocence, being thus indignly handled, ſhee profers her neck to the headſman for to ſeale with her blood the laſt teſtimonies of her patience. *Ioſephus* ſpeakes not ſo expreſſely of the manner of her

death as being a matter without controverſie that ſhee was executed according to the the ordinary manner of thoſe times, which was to behead all delinquents of ſuch ranke. This faire breaking of the day which as yet carried comfort and healing in his wings to the poore afflicted ſoules that were in this horrible confuſion of Tyranny, was then obſcur'd and quite put out with her blood: the eyes of all the throng that did aſſiſt at this ruefull tragedie being bath'd in teares did behold her in her red lips. When they ſaw this countenance (arm'd with royall Majeſty) ſo couragiouſly to affront death which makes the boldeſt heart to tremble, and her alabaſter neck ſtretcht out and ſtoop't to the glittering axe to be ſever'd from her faire body, a cold

cold horror ran through the ſhivering joynts, and bones of all the croud, and there was no rock ſo hard but would have ſweated watry drops of teares to ranſome her blood from being ſpilt. Her head was ſever'd from her body, and her body from her ſoule, but this will never be ſeparated from her God, who rears to her memory an eternall trophie of patience. Her trunck lay cold, and extended upon the place, and the voice of innocent blood, which now mounted up to pierce the Clouds, & demand revenge from the protector of innocence, was incontinently heard to good purpoſe, as you ſhall e're long underſtand.

This faithleſſe husband that had ſo barbarouſly handled a Princeſſe ſo worthy of all reſpect, was ſoone as ſhe had yeelded up

the ghoſt as if he had been ſtruck with an inviſible dart, cryed out of griefe, and ſai'd that he had given a blow that deſerved God's anger & vengeance; then with fearfull howling he invokes inceſſantly the memory and name of the deceaſed Queene, to whom hee could not by his plaints reſtore what he had taken away by the executioners hatchet: whitherſoever he went, he was ſtil accompanied with the Image of his crime; black furies revelling in his cõſcience, & terrifying him with ſights and fearfull apparitions: hee tried all manner of feaſting, dancing, and delights to expell melancholy; but it encreas'd the more, in ſo much that he was conſtrained to abandon the helme of government, though hee had been active and indefatigable in this exerciſe:

he

he became at first a dotard, and all stupid, not knowing what hee did; for sometime at dinner he speakes to his attendants, and bids them call the Queene to him, as if shee had been still alive, they hearkned unto him without returning a word, & all the Court was struck with silence and amazement; at last he being not able to endure the pallace walles, as though they did upbraid his cruelty, hee goes and haunts the groves & uncouth places of retreate like a salvage, thereby contracting such a strange disease in his braines, and so violent a frenzy, that the Physitians saw no way to remedy it, telling him freely that it was a blow from heaven: God who did reserve him for further calamities would not vouchsafe to take away his life at that present. That wicked Mo-

ther *Alexandra* that ſo outragi-ouſſly ſcolded at her daughter on the ſcaffold, went ſhortly after the way of all fleſh, taſting the bitter-neſſe of death but looſing the glo-ry of it. In the the reare of this, followed a peſtilence which ſwept away many of *Herod's* counſel-lors of ſtate; and all theſe were but the ſcourges of heaven to avenge this ſo lamentable death, but ne-ver enough lamented. *Mariamne* from her chaſt bed left *Herod* two ſonnes, *Alexander* and *Ari-ſtobulus* who were very young, capable to endure much more in after-times, but as then incapable to underſtand their preſent miſe-ries. *Herod* for to take away from them the reſentments of this hor-rid fact, and to raiſe them both to-gether by good education to the glory of his Scepter, packs them away

away in good time, and ſends them to *Rome* to be train'd up in *Auguſtus Caſar's* Court, held at that time the Academy of Kings, and the moſt renowned School of the world. After ſome years expir'd he tooke a deſire to make a journey into *Italy* for to ſalute *Cæſar*, and by that meanes to ſee his ſonnes, whom hee found very well improv'd, and ingeniouſly brought up, and ſo compleat, that hee would faine with the good leave of *Auguſtus* bring thē along with him back to *Iudea*, and ſo he did: Theſe young Princes returning to *Ieruſalem* with *Herod*, did raviſh all the people with admiration; they were of a very comely proportion very nimble and active, and well exercis'd in feats of armes, well ſpoken, affable, and as much worthy of love as their

Father

Father of hatred. Men beheld them as they doe the two ſtarres of *Caſtor* and *Pollux* after a tempeſt; they fill'd all with joy, and ſeem'd already to have wonne hearts enough to winne them crownes according to their merit, yet thoſe that call'd to mind the uſage of their Mother *Mariamne* could not containe their teares.

Pheroras, *Herod's* brother, and his ſiſter *Salome*, who had both of them a hand in the murther of the innocent Queene, entred into ſuch apprehenſions that cannot be expreſt, ſeeing that the blood which they had ſpilt was one day to rule over them: They began thenceforth tartly to traduce them, and convey (by ſome creatures ſubborn'd thereto) many reports to *Herod's* eares, which were in effect to inform me, how that the Princes

his

his ſonnes (in regard of what had hapned touching their mother) were very averſe frō their Father, & would never be induced to affect him againe. *Herod* who was yet warm with the heat of his affection towards thē, gave no credit to the ſlander; for ſeeing them now upon the march towards ripes yeares, he bethought him how to match thē honourably, ſueing for his ſon *Alexander* the daughter of *Archelaus* King of *Capadocia* named *Glaphira*, which was granted him, & for *Ariſtobulus*, he was betrothd to the daughter of *Salome*, his coſin *Germane*; thus cementing the breaches & enmities of his houſe. *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* did converſe together very freely, and ſpoke all that lay upō their hearts, talking of the death of their mother, in ſuch a manner, that they ſhewed

ſhewed that they were ſenſible of it: *Pheroras*, and *Salome* very cloſe and malignant ſpies, did not ceaſe to toll them into dangerous ſpeeches, and all that they had ſpoken (either through vanity, or ſome fit of anger, or through preſumption of ſecrecy) was preſently reported to *Herod's* eares . Crafty *Salome* yet bearing ſway over her new married daughter, who was a ſimple harmleſſe creature, did ſhrift her punctually , to know of her what her husband did uſe to talke of in the privacy of their mutuall embraces. Shee forthwith related all the ſpeeches, which theſe poor Princes had ſpoken in ſimplicity or merriment, namely, that *Ariſtobulus* brag'd, that the Empire appertain'd to the iſſue of *Mariamne* as the linage of a true Queen: as for the ſonnes of *Herod*, they were

were ſow'd abroad, and diſperſed in good number(for hee had ſome nine or ten wives) ſo that he made moſt of them advocates in petty Townes, and it went well with them if they had learn'd to read and write; ſhee added moreover, that *Alexander* ſpake in a *bravado*, that he was ſomewhat of another mold then his Father, yet notwithſtanding when hee convers'd with him, ſeeing him of a jealous humour he kept himſelfe within his ſcabbard, not daring freely to expreſſe himſelfe, for fear of caſting ſhadowes of his ability; that going to hunt, and walke with *Herod*, he us'd to contract and wind in his body, that he might not ſeem bigger then his father: If he went to draw a bowe, hee did it very bungler-like, of purpoſe to free himſelfe from all envy. This was a maine

maine peece of wisdome to doe so, but the trick of a very novice to talk so much, though words as innocently spoken, as sinisterly and captiously interpreted; and above all a very simple errour, to commit their secrets to a woman, whose brest (for the most part) is as fit to guard any thing intrusted to its custody, as a sive to carry water. When *Pheroras*, and *Salome* had diligently plyed the ears of *Herod* with these petty informations, seeing some suspition to plant, & take rooting in his mind, and that the fathers affection towards his sonnes did waxe cold, they strike in opportunely, and advise him seriously to take heed of his sons, that they were in labour with some great exploit, and spake loudly, That all those that had any hand in the shedding their mothers blood

blood, ſhould not beare the puniſhment off in the other world: For indeed as they were harping on that harſh ſtring, ſuch like ſpeeches did eſcape from them. *Herod* was exceedingly aſtoniſht at this freedome, as thinking it neceſſary to repreſſe their boldneſſe with ſome counterpriſe. What doth he to take downe the ſpirits of theſe Princes? Hee goes, and takes him one of his other ſonnes call'd *Antipater*, (begot upon one *Dorida* woman of meane ranck, and who was afterward ſhamefully baniſht the Court) he hoiſts him in a moment to the top of the wheele, not that hee purpos'd to leave him there, but hee would have him ſerve as a Check-mate for the ſons of *Mariamne*, judging him a fit inſtrument for that end: For indeed this *Antipater* was a darke, ſullen

ſullen, and malicious ſpirit, who held much after the Father. When he ſaw himſelfe on an inſtant ſo highly mounted, he reſolv'd not to deſcend, but with the loſſe of his skin, & to ſhare of the Realm as well as the reſt, by ſome device or other. Well, to that end he fits the Scene, and conforms himſelfe to all faſhions for to get into credit with *Herod*, (who from that time began to like him very well) and he fail'd not under hand to put on foot afreſh thoſe accuſations, to get ſurer footing in this new preferment, that had been commenced againſt the ſonnes of *Mariamne*. And when hee had flung the ſtone, he drew in his arm ſo neatly, that hee ſeem'd not to have any way ſtirr'd in it; for he did alwaies bear a moſt reſpectful carriage towards *Alexander*, and

Ari-

Ariſtobulus, as towards his Maſters, eſpcially when hee caus'd thoſe falſe reports to be inſtill'd afreſh into his Fathers eares, by ſome creatures well taught and rewarded. He fain'd alſo, with a borrowed modeſty to take their cauſe in hand, but hee excuſed them ſo ſlily to his own advantage, that he brought them within greater ſuſpicion then before. King *Herod* for to bring him into ſome eſteem and authority, thought it were not amiſſe to ſend him to *Rome* for a time, which he did, giving him a flouriſhing attendance, and an infinite deale of recommendations. Here hee ſate a brooding more ingenious miſchiefs, & from hence purſued his plots more cloſely, & with more art. In a letter to his father, hee wrote that he had diſcovered at *Rome* ſtrange plots, that

he ſhould beware of his brethren, *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*; for they had every where ingroſſed the hearts of the people, and that their deſigne was no other, then to ſhorten his daies, & to diſpoſſeſſe him of his kingdome. This had the more colour, for that the yong Princes being not a litle moved with their late reje&tion or degradation could not diſſemble their diſcontents, and did dayly caſt about ſome words, which were gather'd up by the ſpies of *Pheroras*, and *Salome*, that no fillable fell to the earth. It griev'd *Herod* to ſee that having compos'd all in peace abroad, the fire had caught hold on his own houſe: and thenceforward he had a minde to ſeize upon his ſonnes, but hee would not make any attempt upon their perſons without *Cæſars* command, to whom

whom he referr'd all, both for the expreſſion of his obeiſance, and for the ſafety of his eſtate. After he had meditated on the matter with himſelfe very carefully and ſeriouſly, (for it did much grieve his heart whence all his Counſels did ſpring, & had their firſt riſe,) he reſolv'd to bring his ſonnes to *Rome*, & there to accuſe them before *Cæſar*. All along the way frō *Paleſtine* to *Italy*, did hee carry his thoughts ſo cloſe, that his lookes did never betray them, nor did he ſhew any ſymptoms of diſtaſt towards his Sonnes, leſt hee ſhould caſt ſome ſhadowes of ſuſpition. Being arriv'd at *Rome*, hee underſtands that *Cæſar* was then in *Aquilegia*, whither hee poſts without delay, bringing his two ſons along, who were by the Emperor (who was as a father to them) ve-

ry courteously received with all demonstrations of affection. In the interim this wretched father, espying his opportunity begges from *Cæsar* a day of audience, in a businesse (as hee said) of great consequence, which he granted him, & he came upon the very instant agreed upon, bringing with him the two delinquẽts, who intended nothing as then, but to laugh, & passe the time with their old acquaintance. When they were in the midst of a glorious assembly (which were of purpose there met) *Herod* fetching a deep sigh, addresseth his speech to the Emperour.

You now behold (*Great Cæsar*) a King happy enough by your Grace, and favour, but a most unhappy Father in the disgraces, & ill fortunes of my house: if nature had

had deni'd me iſſue, fortune would haue ſav'd me much miſery, and trouble. It doth much grieue mee to ſoile your eares (renowned *Cæſar*) with the recitall of ſuch ungraciouſneſſe; but neceſſity which hath no law compels me, & your juſtice which protects all Lawes, inviteđ me to it. Loe here my two Sonnes (unnaturall Sons) who had the honour to bee brought up at your feet, after that they had receiv'd from mee all favour, that might be expected from a king by your goodneſſe potent enough, & from a father by his own nature moſt indulgent, betraying the glory of their education received at your hands, and forgetting their bloud and nature receiv'd from me, they have attempted a crime which I am afraid to utter. I endured much for them, and their

welfare, and I enjoy a kingdome now a faire terme of yeares, which I have purchas'd with ſo much ſweat, and turmoile; I have opened the gate of honour for them to enter at after my deceaſe, when a naturall death ſhould cloſe up mine eyes; but they would needs enter in at the gate of paricide, laying ambuſh for my life, for to take away the ſpoile ſoakened in my bloud. I haue them here at your feet, not retaining in mine own wrongs any right of a King, or father, but what your juſtice will think fit to ordaine, and preſcribe: Yet (*Great Caſar*) I muſt beg of you this requeſt, that you would grant my old age, which you have ſo much honoured, ſome reſt in mine own houſe, & to reſcue me from the hands of theſe Parricides. Alſo I doe not think it any way

expedient

expedient, that ſuch graceleſſe, & ungratefull Sons, that have trod under feet the Laws of God and men, ſhould any longer look the Sun in the face, which ſhould both witneſſe, and upbraid their folly.

The man ſpake this with wonderfull vehemency, ſo that he did amaze all the aſſembly; and the poor youths which had as much innocence, as ſimplicity, ſeeing themſelves thus battered, & overborne with a tempeſt of words, which they did never preſage, made their eyes to weep an Apologie, & they fall a crying in good earneſt: they ſtrove to recover their ſpeech, fearing that their ſilence would prove them guilty; but the more they labour'd to vent their thoughts, the more did their ſobs interrupt their courſe.

Auguſtus Cæſar, a judicious and

humane Prince, ſaw well by their demeanour, and countenance, that the young men were guilty of more miſery, then miſchiefe, and caſting a gracious look upon them Courage my Youths, ſaith hee to them, ſtand firme, anſwer all by leaſure, let nothing diſmay, or trouble you. All the Court did now pitty them, and *Herod* too ſhew'd in his countenance, that he was a litle mov'd; ſo eloquent are our natural ſtrength and armes. *Alexander* ſeeing the eyes of all to to caſt propitious, and favourable beames upon them, wakens his ſpirits, and breaking through a throng of ſighs (as he was pretty well tongu'd) he ſpake as followeth: My Lord and Father, your Majeſtie hath not (I truſt) brought us ſo far before the Altars of mercy, for to make us a ſacrifice to vengeance

vengeance; wee are at the knees of *Cæsar*, as in the temple of clemencie, whither being conducted by your consent, & command, I must needs say, that as your words were rough, and bitter, so are your proceedings most faire and gentle. If calumnie could have so altered your good nature, as to have wrought you to assaile our lives, to the disadvantage, and hazard of our innocence, this you might have done in *Palestine*, as a Father, and as a King, the doome and execution was in your own power: but God permitted it, that you have led us to the court of *Cæsar*, not to leave our heads here, which you have destinated to a Crowne, but to bring them backe victoriously triumphing over detractiō. It is a strange thing, to invent so erroneous a crime against persons

of

of our quality & reputation, without alleaging why, or how. Here is no ſpeech of any letters, poyſons, complots, treacheries, Miniſters ſuborn'd to practiſe them; only we are proclaim'd Paricides, and the proofes left behind, not any produc'd: if this ſufficeth, there will not be found ſuch exalted innocence in the world, which ſlander wil not dare to faſten his teeth upon. Our enimies, who of a long time have been weaving this web, ſay nothing, but that we have age and courage enough to performe this, & that we would one day attempt to avenge our Mother *Mariamnes* death. As for the firſt reaſon, who ſees not how weak it is? If there needs but age, & courage to commit a murther, this were to make the whole ſurface of the world a *Golgotha*, and to overwhelm

whelm it with a deluge of bloud; to make all parents jealous, & miſtruſtfull, and all children criminall. For the ſecond reaſon, which touched our deceaſed Mother, ſhe hath left us at thoſe yeares, that we cannot as yet bemoan, or apprehend well our miſeries. Since we have out-liv'd our childhood, we were never deſirous to prie into your cabinet counſells, to examine your juſtice: Her falt to doe ill ſhould not have made us the more bold, but the more heedfull, and ſtudious to doe well. We beſtowed our teares upon her only, not to bewaile her death, but to ſatisfie our ſorrowes, ſeeing that our enimies ceaſed not to diſquiet her urne, whoſe bloud they ſpilt. Father, if our teares which did iſſue forth by the command of nature, beheld crimes at your barre, where

where ſhall wee finde any ſafety, but in your juſtice? Never among theſe our complaints did there eſcape a hard, or irreverent ſpeech againſt your ſelfe, but indeed againſt thoſe, who abuſe your authority to the ruine of yours. We have no reaſon to hate your life, but to loue it; and by ſo much the more, in that you have judged us capable, & worthy to inherit your Crown, before all our brethren. You have given us all the enſignes of ſoveraignty, all the honour we can expect; ſo that to demande more were to beg a Licence to undoe our ſelves: Why ſhould wee ſeek a Kingdome by a murther, which is to full to us with your conſent, and good liking, that ſo Heaven, Earth, and Seas conſpiring with *Cæſar* might bar thoſe gates againſt us, to the which wee would

would have made a key tempred in the blood of our Father. Your Majeſtie (it may be) hath begot us more unfortunate, then now it were expedient for your eſtate; but we ſhall never be ſo fooliſhly impious, as to commit a villany that would eternally ruine us without recovery. Moſt honour'd Father, expell that fiend of ſuſpition which hath poſſeſt you; or if it pleaſe you to entertain it longer we will both part with our lives, whereof wee are not ſo tenderly enamour'd, that we would retain them, with the diſpleaſure of him that gave them.

This ſpeech attended with the teares of the young Princes did raviſh all the Auditors, and as they ſaw them both with dejected eies, expecting the ſentence of the judge, each man burn'd with a de-

ſire

ſire to ſtand up in their juſtificati-on, *Cæſar* caſts his eyes on *Herod*, who ſhewed himſelfe to be much moved with pitty, & would have wiſht hee had never thought on ſuch an accuſation; for indeed this accuſation did put him much out of conceit, and credit with the aſ-ſembly, and made him blame his credulity. *Auguſtus* not willing to ſhame him, pronounced that (in truth) the children were much to blame, that they had any way mo-leſted him; but as for the crime in-tended, hee ought to raze it out of his Regiſter.

The young Princes were well bred, and brought up hitherto; it remained that they ſhould live henceforward in good correſpon-dence, and renew the ſacred bond of nature, which could not bee broken by ſo good a father, nor by

by the children, who did promiſe ſo much & ſo faire for the future. This being ſpoken, *Herod* embraces his Sonnes one after another with weeping eyes, which drew teares even from thoſe that were no way intereſſed in it.

After many Leuvoyes, & complements, behold them now on their return, together with their father, and brother *Antipater*, who did act (though behinde the curtain) all this faire Tragœdy; nevertheleſſe he did captivate them with his curteſies, rejoycing and congratulating their good ſucceſſe, as if his heart had blaz'd in joyfull fires. So works the tyrannie of diſſimulation in Courts untill that God one day take off the maske! Being return'd to *Ieruſalem*, a yeare did ſcarce run about, before that malice lay'd new ginnes, to

intrap

the innocence of theſe poore Princes. *Pheroras* thought within himſelfe to poſſeſſe *Alexanders* head with jealouſie, telling him with much ſecrecy, that his father *Herod* did wantonly ſport and dally with *Glaphyra*, his wife, (daughter of King *Archelaus*) judging that this would be a powerfull way to make him revolt, and ſet him all in a rage againſt his father, and ſo to precipitate him to his ruine. Theſe words indeed did very ſenſibly touch this noble ſoule, that he began thenceforvvard to obſerve vvith a jealous eye, the actions of *Herod*, vvho in truth plai'd the minion all day with the young Princeſſe, vvho vvas endow'd vvith ſurpaſſing feature, but more he could not diſcover at all in his converſation: ſave the blandiſhments of a father in Law towards

a daughter, vvorthy to be cheriſht for her many good parts. Yet notwithſtanding *Alexander*, after hee had taken in this ſubtile intelligence of *Pheroras*, turned this hony into poyſon, interpreting all to the worſt, and was ſo tranſported therewith, that (ruſhing one day to his fathers chamber, he declared unto him the jealouſie, and ſuſpition that he had conceived, with many ſighes, and teares of anger. *Herod* vvas much troubled vvith this imputation, & deeming it a thing unbefitting his perſon to ſtir in juſtifying himſelfe vvith multitude of vvords, in excuſe of that vvhich vvanted not any, hee ſaith to him only, my good Son, vvho hath put this into thy head? The other repli'd. That he knew it partly, & *Pheroras* did aſſure him of it. *Pheroras* is preſently ſent for

and *Herod*, who did ever uſe him like a ſervant, frown'd upon him, as though hee would have lookt him dead. Thou Rake-hell (quoth he) what haſt thou ſpoken to this young man? It was not a tale which thou haſt whiſper'd him in the eare, but a ſword thou haſt arm'd his hand with againſt his father: for he doth juſtly not to brook a companion of his bed, no more would I of my Realme. Ungratefull wretch ſhouldſt not thou have torne thy heart out of thy breſt, rather then conceiv'd ſuch a thought of thy brother? The houſe was never tainted with ſuch crimes, nor never ſhal, except thou peſter it with thine: Pack, and let me ſee thee no more; I ordaine tortures for other delinquents, but for thee (in that thou art ſo wicked) I leave thee to the rack of thine

thine own conſcience, not finding a fitter executioner.

Pheroras nothing amated with this noiſe, anſwered, that he knew nothing, but what *Salome* (who was there preſent) had told him; as indeed it ſprung from her. But the crafty *Megera* incontinently crying out, and tearing her haire, ſaid, it was a lamentable caſe, that ſhe ſhould be perſecuted by all the world, onely for being faithfull to her brother. *Herod* could not chooſe but ſtand amaz'd to ſee theſe ruptures in his houſe; and he ſaw not in the mean while, that his bad example was the ſourſe & originall of all theſe curſes that befell it. He did nothing to *Pheroras*, but diſcard him for a time: for though he was much incenſt, yet he did not ſtorme in earneſt, but againſt thoſe that hee thought to

conſpire againſt his eſtate; and *Pheroras* ſeem'd to bee none of thoſe, for he was a lewd perſon, a libertine that had married his maid for luſt, refuſing a Kings daughter, & all his thoughts were bent only upon pleaſure. It was by others judg'd that this was no ſufficient penance for *Pheroras* in ſuch a fault, and that this might increaſe the defiance between the Father and his Son. Now ſee the reaſon why *Antipater*, who had alwaies maintain'd his credit with *Herod*, taking hold on this occaſion, begins the battery more furiouſly then ever, and having obſerved ſome familiarity between *Alexander*, and the three Eunuchs, that were moſt entruſted with *Herods* chamber, he gave intelligence under hand, that *Alexanders* conſpiracie was all finiſht, & that the

chiefeſt

chiefeſt Eunuches about *Herods* chamber were his complices here in. They are forthwith attacht, & tortur'd. Their bodies grown effeminate with eaſe and delicacie, ſeeing thẽſelves ſo rudely pincht, ſpake both what they knew, and what they knew not, and after all, they could nor ſpeak any thing, but of the bravery and youthfull boaſtings that had ſlipt from *Alexanders* mouth, as theſe and the like; That theſe Eunuches were but fooles to adhere to an old dotard, who did colour his haire for to ſeem young, but it was bootles, his houre-glaſſe was run out, his time was paſt, & theirs was come: that the kingdome could not eſcape them, having juſtice, ſtrength, and good credit to their ſide, yea and ſo many ſonnes of *Mars*, men of ſteel, and valour, that would

not faile them in time of need. Such ſpeeches they utter'd, but no ſuch as *Antipater* pretended, and they ſpake too much for a ſuſpicious head. It was a miſery to ſee this miſerable Court ſo much diſmembred, here was nothing to be heard or ſeen, but accuſations, defiances, diſtruſts and tortures. Every man lookt one upon the other, and thought he had no other way of ſecurity, but to prevent his companion. They depoſe each day many ridiculous and improbable things that took no effect. There were not found but one or two, that being preſt with the extremity of pain, and to rid themſelves out, ſaid that *Alexander* had given out in *Rome*, that his father was more inclin'd to the *Parthians* then to the *Romans*, and as they redoubled their torments in the favour

vour of *Antipater*, they did even ſpeak what ever they would have them; as that *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* had conſpired to make away their father by poyſon, and then to goe to *Rome* to demand the Crown, which had no ſhew of probability; and as they were askt where was this poyſon? They added that it was in the Caſtle of *Aſcalon*. And diligent ſearch being made, there was no ſuch matter found: Nevertheleſſe *Alexander* is areſted; hee being of a generous temper, and much moved to ſee executioners ſo buſily imployed, ſpake with a lowd voice to *Herod*, by way of Irony, What needs all theſe butcheries? Since that you will needs be deceived, why I have conſpired againſt your life: And if you deſire to know with whom, it was with *Pheroras*, your

brother and ſiſter *Salome*, with *Ptolomie*, *Lapritius*, and others of your Councellers. Kill all the world and you may reigne alone in ſafety. Hee ſpoke too much to be believed, and ſpoke it with an accent, that ſpoke nothing leſſe. He is hereupon ſhut up in priſon for ſome daies, untill that *Archelaus* (King of *Capadocia*) his father in law, being advertis'd of this diſaſter, arrives at *Herods* Court. Hee makes with *Herod* no raſh encounter, charging him with too much credulity, and the like with a mild temper. This was not the courſe to deale with a man that deſir'd altogether to juſtifie his actions. The *Capadocian* with a mild temper ſtrikes ſayle, makes a ſhew of great pitty to ſee him in theſe troubles; ſaying, that his ſons did him great wrong to moleſt him in this

this wiſe, that he came thither not to excuſe his own ſon in law, but to puniſh his own daughter, if ſhe were faulty. *Herod* took ſuch comfort to heare him ſpeak in that manner, that the teares trill'd down his cheeks: And *Archelaus* ſeeing that hee found it fit ſeaſon for perſwaſion, begins by degrees to tell him, that intruth the young Princes ſhew'd ſomewhat too much ſtubbornneſſe, but their youth and gentleneſſe were abuſed, and it were well if this were lookt to. He acted his part ſo well that he at laſt diſpell'd the miſt of calumnie. And *Glaphira* ſeeing her ſelfe now upon the ſtage, did with good language, & her teares carry all ſhee would for her huſband, ſo that the poore priſoner was forthwith releaſed.

Herod began now to live like a Cyclops

Cyclops in his Cave, walking ſtill in the miſts, and darkneſſe of diſtruſtfull feares, and each moment upon the point to perpetrate freſh cruelties. And when they ſaw him to bee ſo much frighted with ſhadowes, *Antipater* did not faile to ſupply him with ſtuffe, and matter to feed his ſuſpitions, thereby to advance his own fortunes. There arrives an impoſtor, a *Grecian* to the Court of *Iudea*, nam'd *Euricles*, in the ſtate, and equipage of a Prince, and beſtowed many preſents on *Herod*, for to inſinuate to his favours. The unhappy King likes well of the man, and places him in the liſt, and number of his moſt intimate friends. Hee did lodge with *Antipater*, and (ſeeing him predominant in Court) in all his actions hee ſtudied to win his favour, and liking aboue all, which he

he did obtain by converſing frequently, and familiarly with *Alexander*, and fetching the ſecrets of his heart, which hee would after report (true, or falſe) to the eares of *Herod*, who did give him much credit.

Three yeares being ſcarce paſt over, behold calumnie diſgorgeth the reſt of its venome: Two ſouldiers of *Herods* guard being caſheer'd for ſome light offence, were afterwards imprudently received into *Alexanders* houſe, who did favour them ſeeing they were men of goodly perſonages, and capable of good ſervice. Theſe are accus'd to have partakt in the conſpiracy, they are immediatly apprehended and put upon the rack; the violence of the torments forc't them to ſay that by the ſollicitation of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*

bulus they had a deſigne upon the perſon of *Herod* for to kill him in hunting. At that very time the Governour of the *Alexandrine* Citadell (which was one of the ſtrongeſt pieces of the Realme) is charged to have promiſed to betray it into the power of theſe young Princes which he did ſtifly renege.

But his ſon who had ſuffered ſome diſgrace by his father, ſteps out and ſaith the depoſition was true: then hee produc'd letters as from *Alexander*, which confirm'd it, which were thought notwithſtanding to have come from Secretary *Diophantes*, who made a trade of ſuch forgeries.

Herod required no farther proofes, he makes his two ſons to be laid hold on, and reſolves to deſtroy them. And indeed every man

from

from that time forward held them but loſt men. While theſe things were in motion, *Melas* one of the Councellours of the King of *Cappadocia* comes to *Iudea* to knowe where lay the knot and difficulty of the buſineſſe; hee findes the diſcord very much rankled & feſtred beyond his art and remedies. The wicked father convents his ſonne (calling him from priſon) before *Melas*, there to examine him, and to charge him with ſuch crimes as were depos'd againſt him. *Alexãder* asks where the deponẽts were? It was anſwer'd they were now dead. Hee repli'd that this was wrong dealing to put them to death with a lye in their mouthes, which was extorted from them by force of torments, and to ſeale thẽ up for ever that they might not deliver the truth. As for him and his

his brother *Aristobulus* they had no other intention then to fly to *Capadocia* and thence to *Rome* for to deliver themselves from the violent hands of their father. When *Herod* heard him speak of the voiage to *Capadocia*, he desires *Melas* to enquire particularly of *Glaphira*, if she did not reveal more evidence touching this designe; who when she saw at first entry her husband in bolts, it was a pittious thing to see how it afflicted her. O my deare husband, saith she, are these the favours your father bestowes on you! Is this the Diadem that he hath promised you? Grief that clogg'd her heart smothered the rest. A spring of teares flowed from *Alexanders* eyes, who lov'd her most dearely, and all the company was so moved with this piteous spectacle, that those who sate there

there to examine them, lookt one upon another, and forgot the formality of justice. *Herod* demanded of *Alexander* if his wife were not privy to all his secrets, he made answer, that for her deserts and discretion he never conceal'd ought from her. The poor Princesse was somewhat frighted at the speech, yet spake very simply that she was ignorant of all that was past as the child that was yet unborn: howbeit she was very ready to tell a ly for to save her husband, and shee never used to disavow any fault that her husband should tax her with. *Alexander* being toucht to the quick with her pious intention tells her, *Madam* never wonder at it, you know well that I never had any other drift but to bring you to *Capadocia* to see the King your Father; loe that is all

our

our offence. This did not cure *Herod*, but made his ſuſpition yet to extend towards King *Archelaus*, taking it ill that hee would have withdrawn his ſon without his leave, and knowledge: he ſends the priſoners back to their quarter, & in the mean while diſpatcheth new Embaſſadours to *Rome* for to juſtifie himſelfe of ſome falſe aſperſions caſt upon him, & to obtain frō *Cæſar* the liberty to diſpoſe of his Children according as juſtice would require, which was granted him. The young Princes were ſo exclaim'd upon & belied with ſuch ſtrange reports at *Rome*, that there was no man would adventure to undertake their defence. He being very glad of ſuch ſpeedy and ſucceſſefull audience (as he was a man ful of formalities, who did alwaies give his paſſions the gloſſe

gloſſe and tincture of juſtice. He calls a Councel for the arraigning of his ſonnes, admitting all thoſe that he ſaw, and knew to be ill inform'd, for to favour his intentions, & omitting others that might any way divert or hinder them; among others *Archelaus*, who was expreſſely named by *Cæſar* for to examine the cauſe. Moreover, which was horrible injuſtice, he would not have his ſonnes to appeare before the Iudges to heare what they could ſpeake in their owne defence, but he enters to the Court full gorg'd with gall and venome; he was never ſeene to change the Copy of his countenance ſo much as that time; his paſſions had all tranſfigur'd him in ſuch ſort, that hee ſpake ſuch words, and did ſuch actions as litle beſeem his gravity: his friends

were miſtaken in him, and he ſeem'd to them to be a ſavage rather then a King: ſometimes hee did complaine and lament, ſometimes ſtood mute and ſtampt for anger; he produced ſome Letters of his ſonnes that carried nothing of weight but only their journey to *Capadocia*, and yet notwithſtanding, as if he gain'd ſome great victory, he cryes out, my Maſters, what ſay you to this? See you not this ungracious dealing! O that I had dyed before I had known and ſeen ſuch treachery! Then he ſaith he would referre all to the courſe of juſtice, that he would doe nothing through paſſion, and anon he proclaimes, that he had not called the Aſſembly for to paſſe a Iudgment, but to follow and ſubſcribe to his ſentence, that poſterity might with the more horror

horror ſpeake of ſuch Parracides, then playing the Scribe or Theologer, he quotes *Deuteronomy*, where it is permitted to Fathers to ſtone their rebellious children to death, then he ſhewes *Cæſars* Letters, which with them carried more ſtrength then his *Deuteronomy*, and inſiſted ſo much upon them, as if the Delinquents had been formerly condemned by the ſentence of *Auguſtus Cæſar*. When they came to reckon the voices, *Saturnine* a Roman, one of Conſular dignity and great authority, diſwaded plainly this cruelty, telling him that hee was himſelfe a Father, and hee knew what it was to be ſuch a one, and that *Herod* would repent of his raſhneſſe: this good man had three of his ſonnes with him at that time, all gallant men and im-

ployed in places of dignity and truſt; who did plead in favour of the young Princes, but all to no effect. After them ſtarts up one *Volumnius* a rude fellow, who was a prime man, and a leader of the factious file, which was impanell'd to ſerve *Herod's* purpoſes; theſe all with one accord paſt a ſentence of death moſt unjuſtly: when this arreſt was divulg'd abroad, an old ſouldier of *Herods* guard named *Tero*, much moved with the newes, ſtreight goes to the pallace, and deſires to ſpeake with the King in private, which was permitted him: This good man taking him aſide uttered his tale ſo ſeriouſly, and withall ſo boldly, that he ſtuck not to ſay that he had loſt his wits, when hee would put to death the true heires for to ſet up a Viper, who in fine would gnaw his

his bowels when he thought himselfe safest. *Herod* at first listned to him patiently; but when hee ran on to much on that strain, he askt him who were those that found fault with his proceedings? why that is I (said the old man) & these and these persons of quality, which he reckoned unto him. *Herod* sends him to safe custody, while he makes sure of the rest, whom he dooms all to die. Then causing his sonnes to be brought all to the City of *Sebast*, hee dispatcheth two of the most cruell Lictors that he had in his service, for to strangle them in prison. The poor Princes, who expected nothing lesse then such a sentence, seeing the dreadfull visages of these hel-hounds, and the horrid shape of death before their eyes, grew pale and bloodlesse with feare,

and askt them what newes they brought? but they taking them apart like sheepe accounted for the slaughter, and shewing them the instrument of death, they plainly discover'd the reason of their comming; for without any more adoe they tooke them by the throats, & putting the fatall cords about, strangled them by maine force without any mercy. Poore *Glaphira*, who did yet cherish a good hope of her husband's deliverance, when she was a preparing of new batteries to move her Father in law to mercy, she heares at once the sad story of *Alexander's* death, and her owne widdowhood: she was for a good while in a swoune, and after recovery stood as mute as a statue, then recollecting her spirits, and fetching a deepe and hearty sigh, Alas quoth

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ſhe I never thought that *Herod* would proceed to this! Tell him his ſacrifice of cruelty is not yet compleat: Loe here one moyty of it yet ſurvives. *Alexander*, my deare *Alexander*, that liveſt eternally in my heart, muſt thou have ended thy candid innocent daies by ſuch an infamous executioner? Muſt thou have for thy hang-man one whom nature had given for thy Father? Thou ſhouldſt at leaſt have call'd for mee to receive the laſt breathing of thy departing ſoule, to receive thy laſt ſpeeches, & to lay them up in the Cabinet of my heart. Then turning to her two children that were by her ſide: Alas poor Orphans, your Father wil no more dandle you, and you muſt now begin your apprentiſhip of miſery in this tender age. The poore Lady did afflict her ſelfe

extremely day and night, and being not able to live any longer in the Court of *Iudea*, no more then in a Lion's denne, ſhee was ſent back to *Capadocia* to the King her Father. *Herod* retained her two ſonnes under colour of bringing them up; but indeed for his greater ſafety, for feare that their name might ſerve for a pretence to ſome revolt.

O the providence of the Almighty! Thou ſeemeſt too tardy in powring vengeance upon the heads of maleſactors. Theſe young Princes the children of ſo vertuous a Mother, ſo well educated, & ſo compleat for all good parts, being declar'd heires apparent to the Crowne: Theſe Princes, who were ſeene (but five years before) to returne in triumph from *Rome* to *Ieruſalem*, like the

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two twin-ſtarres that gilded all Paleſtine with their reſplendent beames: Theſe Princes who promis'd ſo many Trophies, and ſo many wonders, behold them now in their verdant yeares, in the flowre of their hopes, at the gate of the Temple of honour, for a litle freeneſſe in language unmercifully maſſacred, and inſteed of a crowne upon their head, die with cords about their necks, ſtrangled by the hands of two of *Herod's* guard! Lee the goodly apprentiſhip, and eſſayes that *Herod* made three yeares before the birth of our Saviour for to prepare himſelfe for actions, yet more horrible and tragicall! It is ſaid of *Sylla* that if mercy her ſelfe were in humane fleſh upon the earth, hee would have ſlaine her; but *Herod* did what was worſe, after ſo many

butcheries his thirſt of blood could not yet be ſatisfied, but imbrues his hands in the blood of 14000 Innocents, and ſeeks to deſtroy the Saviour of mankind, the Son of God himſelfe. as every man knows the ſtory out of holy Writ.

'Tis now time to ſee the guerdon of theſe diſtorted degenerous ſoules, that wee may obſerve the line or courſe of divine providence, which doth uſe to inflict ſome exemplary puniſhments here on earth on the wicked, and to give them a reliſh of thoſe eternall paines they ſhall endure in hell.

Deteſtable *Antipater*, who had contriv'd theſe miſchiefes, ſeeing the two heires of the Kingdome made away by his undermining wit, thought hee had already mounted

mounted halfe the degrees to the Throne : Hee continued in his quaint rogueries, and malicious pranks, ſtill lurking under the maske of piety, as one that had extreme care of the life and ſtate of his Father, ayming in the meane while at no other but then to make himſelfe ſhortly abſolute Lord: And fearing that *Herod's* affection toward him (which was ever wavering and changeable,) ſhould coole, he goes about every day to practiſe great intelligences to make his cards, and winne benevolence; but hee was hated of the people as a Tigre, and the ſouldiers that knew him guilty of his brethrens blood (who were ſo wel belov'd of the nobles) could never affect him.

The Commonalty above all were extremely touch't with compaſſion,

paſſion, when ever the children of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* (who were brought up in *Herod's* court) were led in the ſtreets. All the world beheld the poore Orphans with weeping eies, and with much anguiſh of ſoule call'd to mind the diſaſters of their Fathers. *Antipater* ſaw well that it was expedient for him to abſent himſelfe from the Court, both to extinguiſh envy, and that hee might not ſindge his wings by flickering too long about the candle, fearing that in time his Father (who was but too cunning in ſuch matters) would ſent him out and his projects. Yet notwithſtanding hee was ſo cloſe, that hee would not openly begge leave of *Herod* for abſence, for feare hee ſhould engender ſuſpicion, but he got his friend at *Rome* (with whom hee dealt under hand)

hand) to write letters to his father in his behalfe, which effected all that he desired, namely, that it was expedient for him to send him to *Rome*, for to breake and divert some enterprises of the *Arabians* on the Kingdome of *Iudea*. *Herod* having received these Letters, dispatcheth him presently, with a very goodly equipage; with great Presents, and the Testament withall, whereby he was declared King after his fathers decease. Loe fortune hath fill'd the sayles of his desires! But as the eye of the Almighty never sleepes, and takes the crafty in their own imaginations, it hapned that *Pheroras*, who as we have related, acted his part in this bloody tragœdy, departed this world by a suddain death, and poyson'd as it was thought by the maid which he had married.

Herod

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The Commonalty above all were extremely touch't with compaſſion,

paſſion, when ever the children of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* (who were brought up in *Herod's* court) were led in the ſtreets. All the world beheld the poore Orphans with weeping eies, and with much anguiſh of ſoule call'd to mind the diſaſters of their Fathers. *Antipater* ſaw well that it was expedient for him to abſent himſelfe from the Court, both to extinguiſh envy, and that hee might not ſindge his wings by flickering too long about the candle, fearing that in time his Father (who was but too cunning in ſuch matters) would ſent him out and his projects. Yet notwithſtanding hee was ſo cloſe, that hee would not openly begge leave of *Herod* for abſence, for feare hee ſhould engender ſuſpicion, but he got his friend at *Rome* (with whom hee dealt under hand)

hand) to write letters to his father in his behalfe, which effected all that he desired, namely, that it was expedient for him to send him to *Rome*, for to breake and divert some enterprises of the *Arabians* on the Kingdome of *Iudea*. *Herod* having received these Letters, dispatcheth him presently, with a very goodly equipage; with great Presents, and the Testament withall, whereby he was declared King after his fathers decease. Loe fortune hath fill'd the sayles of his desires! But as the eye of the Almighty never sleepes, and takes the crafty in their own imaginations, it hapned that *Pheroras*, who as we have related, acted his part in this bloody tragœdy, departed this world by a suddain death, and poyson'd as it was thought by the maid which he had married.

Herod

Herod being intreated to goe over to his brothers houſe to make inquiſition of the fact, findes by good warrant and far beſides his thoughts, how that *Antipater* his ſon had ſent *Pheroras* (when he was in diſgrace and out of favour at Court) ſome poyſon for to make away his father then while he was at *Rome*, that ſo he might returne immediatly to *Paleſtine* with his temples girt with a Diadem. This was depos'd by a ſon of *Antipaters* farmer, whom hee had made overſeer of his eſtate during his abſence; which was ſeconded with ſuch pregnant & ſtrong preſumptions and evident circumſtances, that there was now nothing left to ſuſpend his beliefe. *Herod* asks where was this poyſon? The young man replied, it was with the widdow of his brother *Phero-*

ras

ras : she being questioned concerning it got up to an upper roome, pretending to goe and fetch it, but being got up to the top of the house, in a desperate manner shee casts her selfe down headlong; but it pleased God that this fall proved not mortall according to her desire. They did incourage her and made all promises of impunity, if she would but freely confesse the truth: She confesseth that indeed her husband had a poyson sent from *Antipater*, and that hee was once minded for to doe the deed, but it repented him a litle before his death, & he detested such wickednesse: & upon these words shee takes out the poyson which they found to be most deadly, by making experiment upon condemn'd persons. At that very time *Bathillus* a freeman of *Antipaters*

pater was ſurpriſed, comming from *Rome* to *Iudea*, to adviſe *Pheroras* to haſten his deſigne, & bringing another poyſon, in caſe the former did not prove effectuall. In the mean time *Antipater* writes to his Father, that hee labour'd diligently at *Rome* to diſpell ſome cloudes of ſlander and to cleare his affaires, which hee hoped to bring about, and to return very ſhortly for *Iudea*. *Herod* who would have long ſince caught him in his clawes, ſends to him theſe lines;

Sonne, my declining age & the crazineſſe of my body doe every day inſtruct me that I am mortall, one thing comforts me that I have made choice of your perſon to ſucceed me in my Throne: I ſhall ſee my old age ſpring againe & flouriſh in your youth and my death

death to be ſmother'd (as it were) in your life, ſeeing that I ſhall liue in my other halfe, which is your deare ſelfe. I would you had continued ſtill neere my perſon, not only for the aſſiſtance your piety ſtill afforded me, but for the prejudice that might acrew to your fortune by your abſence: Faile not therefore with the good leave of *Ceſar* to render your ſelf here preſent with the beſt ſpeed you can; delay will not any way favour your affaires here. This bayt had charm enough to allure, and art enough to conceale the hook. Vpon theſe news, hee was ready to ride upon the wings of the winde to preſent himſelfe in *Ieruſalem*: He diſpatcheth his buſineſſe, takes leave of *Auguſtus*, & makes all expedition poſſible to ſhew the beheſts of his father. It was very

ſtrange, that hee could never have any advertiſements by the way of what had paſſed, ſo odious was he to God and man! But being at *Cilicia*, hee learnt that his mother was diſcarded and expell'd the Court, which did much affright him, and hee thought to beat his way back againe: But one of his Councell (perchance ſuborn'd by *Herod*) begins to tell him, that if there were nothing intended againſt him he needed not to feare, and if any ſlander was broacht of him, hee ought to make the more haſt to quaſh it, otherwiſe his abſence would but cauſe further ſuſpicion. He ſwallowes the adviſe, and (notwithſtanding ſome ſecret reluctancie, & remorſe of conſcience) he followes the road for *India*. When hee was arrived at the haven of *Sebaſte* he began to enter into

into deeper apprehenſions of danger then ever; for having ſeen at this very Port not long before at his departure ſuch a throng of people tearing the ayre with their acclamatiõs, not for any love they owed to him, but to ſhew their obeiſance to *Herod*, who would have it ſo; but he now perceived that fortune had turn'd tail, he was receiv'd with a lowring countenance, & ſome did look upon him askue with a quarter face, & murmur'd between their teeth, as curſing him for that hee had ſpilt his brethrens bloud. He was engag'd too far on to make retrait, & Gods vengeance had already markt out his lodgings. He goes on from *Sebaſte* ſtrait for *Ieruſalem*, and marches to the Pallace, ſumptuouſly apparelled, and with a numerous traine: the Gard made way for him

to enter, but were commanded by the King to keep back all those that attended him, hee was quite astonisht to see himselfe caught so like a bird in a net, nevertheless he goes on his vvay, enters the hall vvhere his father staid, expecting his approach, accompanied with *Quintilius Varus* lately sent from *Rome* to bee Governour of *Syria*. When hee had made a most reverend submissive congy, he drawes neere to kisse his father according to the manner of the Countrey, but he straightvvaies heares the roaring of a Lion, for *Herod* dravving a step backe cryes out, Stand aloofe Murtherer, it is not for you any more or any such to receive the welcome kisses of a father: Behold there Q. *Varus* your Iudge, bethink ybur selfe by to morrow, how to answer to such

crimes

crimes as you are charged with. He was thunderſtrooke with this ſpeech and withdrew himſelf out of the roome with paleneſſe in his face, and the horrour of his crime in his conſcience. In the next chamber he findes his mother and his wife all drencht in teares, who with lamenting eyes had already ſolemniz'd his funerall: ſuch an aſtoniſhment ſeiz'd upon him that hee had neither a tongue to comfort them, nor ſo much as teares to bewaile his own misfortunes. He paſt over all the night with much diſquiet of minde, finding now by experiment that it was eaſier for to commit a crime then excuſe it. The morrow being come, hee was call'd before the judgement ſeat, where hee found his father with Q. *Varus* & a good number of the Counſellers of

ſtate. Vpon the very point, newes was brought of ſome letters of his mother that were intercepted, which did give him notice that all was diſcover'd, and that he ſhould beware to return and put himſelfe into the hands of his father, if hee would not fall into the jaws of a Lion. This was ſhewed him at his entrie into the Councell-Chamber, hee expected but the houre when he ſhould be ſtrangled, hee was already under the Strapadoes of his conſcience; therefore caſting himſelfe down on his knees, hee begs of his father that hee might not be condemn'd before he vvere heard: *Herod* replies, Varlet what haſt thou to ſay? Hath God reſerved thee to be the laſt ſcourge of my old age? Thou knoweſt I have taken thee from the bottome and lees of fortune for to place

thee

thee aboue thy brethren, both beyond and against all hopes. I have put all my treasures, my revenues, my authority, my affection, my secrets, my heart, and my Crowne into thy hands by a testament sealed with mine own hand, and couldst not thou expect till thy Fathers eyes were closed up by a naturall death, that thou mightest freely enjoy them? This was it that thy designes did then aym at when thou didst so hotly pursue the death of thy brethren. I have done nothing in their araignment, but by thy denunciation, and advice. Accurst wretch, I am afraid that thou hast stain'd mee with their blood; thy crimes doth now giue light to their innocence. At these words hee wept bitterly, recalling to minde his *Mariamne*, and unhappy children, hee found

his heart ſo oppreſt with ſorrow, that he was faine to entreat his Chancellour *Nicholas Damaſcene* to proceed. *Antipater* prevented him and ſpake in his own defence; That they did him great wrong to believe ſlaves, and women to his prejudice, that he had *Cæſars* letters (whom he could no more deceive then God himſelfe) which gave ample teſtimony of his good abeare, and what content he gaue to all at *Rome*; that he was never wanting in his piety towards his Father; and it were a peece of extreme folly to thruſt himſelfe into uncertain dangers for a Crowne that he was certain of, and had in his own hands. Briefly, not to make a longer diſcourſe, that hee offered himſelfe to be uſed like a ſlave, and to bee ſet upon the rack to prove his innocence. And ſpeaking

king this he did rave, and ſtamp in a fearefull manner, inſomuch that he began to move all the bench to pitty and wonder. *Nicholas Damaſcene* being a ſtern and rough Iudge, takes him in hand, confronts him with witneſſes, canvaſſeth him, preſſeth, puzles, & quite confounds him, then diſchargeth a bloudy invective againſt him, exaggerating (like an Orator) all the circumſtances of his crime. Is it not (ſaith he) a brutiſh ſtupidity to conſpire againſt your Father, the bloud of your brethren being as yet before your eyes, and all the aſſurances of a Scepter in your hands: muſt a man needs be a Parricide for to bee poſſeſſour of a Crown which was bequeathed you by Teſtament ſo ſolemne and authentick? Did you expect any more then that your Fathers blood

blood ſhould be the ſeal? and ſuch a father whoſe life is precious among all good men, and whoſe nature is ſo indulgent in favour of his children, deſerve they never ſo litle. An ingratitude able to make heaven to bluſh, and the earth to tremble under our feet, yea and worthy that all the elements ſhould conſpire to chaſtiſe it. The man ran on thus in fire and fury, powring out a torrent of words, while the wretch *Antipater* with a dejected countenance prai'd God to work ſome miracle in his behalf for to manifeſt his innocence, ſeeing that he was mercileſly oppreſt by the malice of his adverſaries. It is ſtrange that a man who had no god in his life time, would now ſeek one at his death. This man liv'd as though there were neither heaven nor hell, and ſeeing himſelfe

ſelfe ſo neere the brink of death, he beſough a Deity to patronize his offence. *Varus* ſpeaks to him, my friend, expect not any extraordinary ſignes from heaven on your behalfe, but if you haue any ſpecious reaſon or Apologie produce it into evidence, the King your Father deſires nothing more then that you might quit your ſelfe nobly. Vpon this hee was confounded as a loſt man. *Varus* taking the poyſon which was brought to the judgement ſeat caus'd it to be giuen to a Malefactour that was ſentenced to death, who died immediatly in the place; whereupon all the aſſembly aroſe forthwith, thereby giving manifeſt token of *Antipater's* condemnation. His Father now holding him for convict, demands of him who were his complices, he nam'd but *Anti-*

philus

philus only who had brought the poiſon, and ſaid that that Varlet had been the cauſe of his undoing. It wanted but litle, that *Herod* did not then preſently execute the ſentence of death; but according to his ordinary proceedings he reſolv'd to acquaint *Cæſar* therewith firſt, and to ſend him the proceſſe with full inſtructions of the examination, that ſo he might doe according to his good pleaſure. In the mean while *Antipater* is ſhut up in cloſe priſon, expecting each day (like a piacular victime) the fatall ſtroak.

Herod moreover had now about threeſcore and ten yeares upon his back, and by the feebleneſſe of his age perceived the ſignalls of deaths approch: This was a bit very tough to digeſt, never did any man love this life ſo well; hee had

had verily parted with his portion in the other world, that hee might enjoy this forever, for that, indeed he was ſuperlatively wicked. Towards his later daies hee grew ſo penſive and then ſo cholerick, and furious, that his domeſtick ſervãts knew not how to boord him. Hee was in his Court like an old Lion bound in the chaines of incurable diſeaſes: Hee perſwaded himſelfe, that hee was hated of all the world, and hee was not deceived in his opinion, for hee had given but too much occaſion.

The people burſt the yoke of duty and allegiance, and could no longer endure him. As ſoon as the rumour ran of his ſickneſſe, *Iudas* and *Mathias*, two of the moſt famous Doctors of the Iewiſh law, who had all the youth of *Hieruſalem* under their charge, inſtigated

ſtigated ſome of the boldeſt of their ſect unto a vēturous attempt, as thus; *Herod* having reëdified & much beautified the Temple of *Hieruſalem* (as hee had alwaies ſhewed himſelfe for his own interreſts an Idolater of *Cæſars* fortune,) caus'd on the chiefeſt gate thereof to bee planted the *Roman Eagle* which glittered all in gold: This was a great eye-ſore to the *Iews*, who never could endure any ſhape of man or beaſt within their Temples: ſo much did they abhor theſe monſters which their fathers in *Ægypt* ador'd. Loe this was the reaſon why *Iudas* & *Mathias*, who were as the principall men (thinking that *Herods* ſickneſſe favour'd their purpoſes) began to exhort in good earneſt the moſt valiant of the young men that frequented their houſes, to take in hand

hand Gods quarrell according to the noble ſpirits of their anceſters and to batter down this abomination that was advanc'd upon the Temple: the danger was not now ſo great, *Herod* being cumbred with buſineſſes and diſeaſes, but if it ſhould happen that any ſhould looſe his life, to dye in ſo good & glorious an act was to dye triumphant, and Laurells would grow up out of their tombes. They faild not to ſpur up theſe younkers, & to ſet an edge on their courage, with many ſpecious and plauſible argumenrs. Loe a regiment of the moſt reſolute of them, goes forth at mid-day, arm'd with axes and hatchets, who ſcale the Temple & quaſh in pieces the Eagle in the ſight of all the world; *Judas* and *Matthias* being then preſent, and ſerving as trumpets to the ſeditiſ-

on,

on. The noiſe arriv'd preſently at Court, the Captain of the Guard runs thither with a maniple of the hardieſt ſouldiers, hee was afraid of ſome greater matter towards, & that this demolition was but a velitation, or skirmiſh of a greater tumult. But at firſt onſet, when he began to charge, the people did retire, which did encourage him to fall on, and to follow cloſer: forty young men that were buſieſt were taken in the place, *Iudas* and *Matthias* bearing them company, thinking it a diſhonour to recoile, and that they ought to follow them at leaſt into danger, whom they at firſt had lead into miſchiefes. As they were preſented to *Herod*, and being askt whence proceeded that inſolent preſumption and raſhnes, they frankly anſwered that the buſineſſe had been conſulted of, &

well

well discust among them, and if it were yet to be done, they were ready to put into execution: forasmuch as they were more oblig'd to obey *Moses* then *Herod*. *Herod* somewhat startled with their resolution, and fearing greater commotions, caus'd them secretly to be convey'd to *Ierico*, whether himself was carried, though weak and sickly. Then assembling the chiefest of them, he speaks to them from his couch, making a large narration of the good offices hee had done to that nation, of the Temple which he had built, the ornaments with which he did enrich in; adding that in few yeares he had done what their *Hassamonean* Kings could not in 120, and in recompence of his piety they went at high-noon to violate with strange insolence a sacred dona-

tive he beſtowed on the Temple, in the which God was more intereſſed then himſelfe, and therefore he did ſo much the more require a reaſon of this attempt.

Theſe men fearing to awake his anger, further did falſifie & elude the blow, and did transfer it all on their companions, abandoning them to the diſcretion of the king. Thereupon the Prieſthood was taken away from *Matthias*, and another *Matthias*, who was held to be a ring-leader in the ſedition, was burnt alive with his companions that ſame night, at which time was ſeen an ecclipſe of the Moon, which made the ſpectacle yet more terrible. *Herod* ſome few daies after having tried, and ſpent in vain all humane remedies, was brought into a miſerable ſtate of ſickneſſe, which is pertinently deſcribed

ſcribed by *Ioſephus* and *Euſebius*. It was Gods pleaſure hee ſhould drink often and deep of the cup of his juſtice in this life, waſting his wretched body with tedious paines: therefore hee was ſmote from heaven, and was charged with a fierce ſquadron of incurable diſeaſes, he that frō his youth up did burn with a furious ambition, felt at his death a greedy fire feeding on his entralls: hee that all his life time had an inſatiable thirſt of a maſſing treaſure (inſomuch that he digg'd up the tombes of *David* and *Solomon* for to ranſack the ſpoiles) was tormented with a Dog appetite; a horrible diſeaſe, and which modeſty feares to deſcribe, which made him cry out for hunger, eating day and night and could not be ſatisfied, hee that made ſo many voiages and per-

formed ſo many atchievements to raiſe himſelfe aboue the levell of ordinary fortunes, ſaw then his feet ſwolen with redundant humours. He that practis'd ſo many tortures in his lifetime, was now rackt with the violent and intolerable pangs of a Chollick: he that bereav'd ſo many men of their breath, did now draw breath with much difficulty and pain: He that held humane wiſdome and pollicie for the nerves and ſtrength of his eſtate, felt now in his body ſuch Cramps and Convulſions of Nerves and Sinewes, that hee was ſorely and pittifully ſhaken: Hee that had ſhed poore *Mariammes* blood, murther'd her Sonnes for to make the Kids boile in the milk of the Damme, as the Scripture ſpeaks: Hee that had imbrued his hands in the bloud of about

14000

14000 innocents with an intention to involve the Saviour of the world in that generall massacre died in his own bloud afflicted with a cruell dissentry. He that had abused his member with monstrous luxurie was over-run and consum'd with an army of Lice, accõpanied with an ignominious satiriasme, a disease which I scarce dare name. And now, say the eye of providence is not awakt for the punishing of delinquents. This desperate wretch at his death insteed of adoring the justice of God and kissing the rod that gave him correction, thinks on new slaughters. Hee assembles by an edict the most principall of the Iewes out of every Province unto *Ierico*, and having pounded thẽ within the cirque hee calls to him his Sister *Salome* and her husband

Alexander, and addreſſeth his ſpeech unto them in this manner.

It grieves mee not at all to dye and to render that tribute to nature, which ſo many Kings before me have paid. But it troubles mee that my death wil not be ſo much bemoaned as I could wiſh, if you doe refrain your hands. Know then that for this purpoſe I have ſent for theſe Nobles of *Iudea*; As ſoone as ever death ſhall draw theſe Curtaines over mine eyes, let them all fall by the edge of the ſword, and let not my death be divulg'd before that the newes of theſe mens death arrive at each ones Country and kindred. By this meanes I hope to fill all *Iudea* with lamentation and woe, which will be muſick to my ſoule at her laſt departure. This pernicious fiend in thus ſpeaking, beſought his

Sister with hot teares, by all that she esteemed in the world most precious & sacred, & as she hoped for Paradise, to perform his wil, and to give him content: she must promise it with an oath at that very instant, though afterwards it was not at all put in execution.

In this sole act hee shewed that he was not inform'd with a reasonable soule, he was but a wolfe in mans skin and shape, and that the thirst of humane bloud was now chang'd into his nature. As hee was making this goodly Testament, Letters were brought him from *Cæsar* which did acquaint him that one *Acme* a Iewish Damsell, who was of the train of *Livia* the wife of *Augustus*, had beene convicted of bad intelligence with *Antipater*, and was therefore punisht with death, as for his sonnes

he

hee refer'd them wholly to his own diſpoſall. This man at the point of death ſuckt revenge yet with wonderfull pleaſure. This newes was balme to his tortur'd carcaſe, he calls for an apple and a knife, thinking to pare it himſelfe, but thereupon his paines (that had given him but ſhort truce) aſſaild him with double force, ſo that he was quite weary of his life which he had ſo dearely lov'd. One of his grand children nam'd *Achiabus*, who at that time ſtood neere the bed, perceived that hee rolled his eyes furiouſly, and lookt as though he would have rid himſelf of his torments with the knife hee had in his hand, which did much affright the young Prince, who holding his arme as gently as hee could, hee beganne to cry out, as though his good father had yeel-

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ded up the Ghoſt, wherewith the whole Court was muſtered up. *Antipater* out of his priſon overheard the tumult, and ſuſpected that *Herod* was a dying; he did not yet deſpaire of the Crown, offering mountaines (as wee ſay) of gold to his Warder to let him eſcape.

But behold the judgement of God! the keeper of the priſon inſteed of all the ample rewards that were promiſed him, and which he might have enjoyed, he goes ſtrait way to the Father and relates to him how that *Antipater* had urg'd him withall ſupplications & promiſes to let him looſe out of the priſon, that he might take poſſeſſion of the kingdome. *Herod* raving and beating his head, cries out, what will the villain murther mee in my bed, I have yet life enough

to

to take away his, then raising him selfe a litle upon the boulster, and leaning upon his elbow, he cals to one of the Guard, goe you (quoth he) hence to the prison & kill that parricide there, and let him be interred in the Castle of *Hyrcanus* without any Rites, or solemnities of a funerall. This was instantly executed, and such was the end of this unhappy thing, who mov'd Earth and Hell for to mount his fathers throne, according as some Mathematicians had foretold.

Five daies being expired from the death of *Antipater*, *Herod* after he had declared *Archelaus* for his Successour in the Realme, contrary to his first determinatiõ, whereby he had designed it for *Antipater*, after he had allotted to his two other Sonnes such portions as hee thought good, and bequeathed large

large Legacies to *Augustus Cæsar*, he gave up his wretched soule in rage, and despaire, in the yeare of his life threescore and ten, and of his raigne 37. A man (saith *Iosephus*) whose actions alwaies overrul'd the Lawes, and his passions them, who notwithstanding all his prosperity was esteem'd the most miserable man in the world. Mark how this Author speaks, who was a wise Statesman, to instruct humane pollicy, that there is neither wisdome, nor greatnesse, nor happinesse where God is wanting. For to let passe the eternall torments of the other life, which this barbarous king (dying under the hand of vengeance) suffers. I am verily perswaded that there is no Pesant, nor Hinde (if he be not stupid) would change one day of his life for the thirty seven yeares of

Herods

Herods raigne, which hee past in continuall jealousnesse, troublesome affaires, perilous voyages, sinister mistrusts, barbarous cruelties, and remorse of conscience, which is the harbenger, & preamble of Hell. Leaving moreover behinde him a numerous, and unhappy Posterity.

FINIS.